

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1871

MARCH 14, 1908

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Science *plus* Art

in the making of

The Historians' History of the World

No single generation can claim a monopoly of artistic genius, or an aggregate endowment of artistic genius evolved out of and advancing upon the genius of past generations. Are there sculptors living, for example, whose work renders superfluous the work of Phidias, of Praxiteles, of Michelangelo? Are there painters living whose work makes us wish to dispense with the canvases of Botticelli, of Raphael, of Titian, of Rembrandt, of Velasquez? Are there dramatists living whose works cause us to forget Sophocles, Æschylus and Euripides, Molière and Corneille, Jonson, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Victor Hugo?

Yet the knowledge of anatomy in which Michelangelo took such pride is the stock knowledge of thousands of students of to-day; the technique of the masters of the Renaissance is at the finger-ends of other thousands; and the structure of the ancient dramas has been subjected to the scalpel of a thousand critics. If knowledge alone would suffice, thousands of students of to-day might surpass the greatest works of art and all the masters.

But knowledge alone does not suffice. Knowledge alone may produce a science. It may explain and interpret an art, but it cannot create that art. For this there is requisite knowledge *plus* the something—often indefinable save through its results—called artistic genius.

All this is true of every art whatsoever; of the art of historical composition no less true than of the others. Mere knowledge may produce a Polybius, a Diodorus, a Dion Cassius, a Froissart, a Freeman, or a Gardiner; it could not produce an Herodotus, a Livy, a Macchiavelli, a Gibbon, a Froude, a Carlyle, or a Macaulay. And what is obviously true of these master writers and a score or two of their fellows is true in greater or less degree of some hundreds of less famous narrators, each of whom has contributed to world-history some description of an event, some estimate of a character, or some analysis of an institution that bears the stamp not of knowledge alone, but of knowledge *plus* something—enthusiasm, in sight, artistic feeling—that raises it out of the ordinary and makes it in its way an incomparable and priceless heritage.

It was chiefly the pursuit of these well-told stories that led the editors of *The Historians' History of the World* to search throughout the mazes of historical literature, in all languages. For the most part such search was not necessary to establish mere facts. These could have been supplied by the direct contributors to *The History*—each in his own particular field—out of the resources of their own studies. Had nothing more been desired than the production of an authoritative, scientifically exact record of world-history, without pre-eminent regard to the literary quality of that record, by far the most facile method would have been to have each prominent contributor write *de novo* the entire history of the nation or the period of which his studies had given him supreme knowledge. Nor would the resulting history have lacked in literary merit, as the names of these contributors will adequately testify. But these scholars themselves would be the first to declare that their joint efforts, thus applied, could by no possibility hope to

produce a narrative every part of which would bear comparison, as a literary production, with already existing narratives, scattered throughout the literature of many peoples and of various ages.

To find these ideal narratives, as we have said, the editors of *The Historians' History* searched far and wide; in the highways of literature and in its byways. They searched with equal avidity through the literatures of all languages; they gave impartial heed to great names and names that were obscure; they sought the writer who had the gift of story-telling wherever he might be found.

How well they succeeded no one can fully realise who has not scanned at some length the pages of *The Historians' History*. But hundreds of critics have so examined those pages, and their almost unanimous voice has attested the extraordinary success of one of the most herculean of literary undertakings. Other hundreds of general readers who would lay no claim to literary insight have similarly testified to the engrossing character of the narrative which this ingenious method has produced. Meantime some scores of technical students attest that the literary pre-eminence of *The Historians' History* has been achieved at no sacrifice of scientific accuracy. It has more than once been said, and it may with full justice be repeated, that the book represents the happiest combination of historical scholarship with literary acumen that ever went to the production of a large historical work.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE recent publication of some of Queen Victoria's letters has reminded the public of the amazing toleration extended to the late Baron Stockmar's continual interference in British affairs during the earlier part of her late Majesty's reign. It is, therefore, not surprising that legitimate curiosity has been excited concerning the German Emperor's letter to Lord Tweedmouth. We fully share in that curiosity, but we cannot share in the indignation of the majority of our most reputable contemporaries, against the *Times*, for having drawn public attention to the letter. Since we have no knowledge of the manner in which the *Times* obtained its information, we can express no opinion as to its legitimacy, but we cannot join in condemning our contemporary on the ground of its having exceeded the duties of the Press by publishing the information.

Since there is no reason to suspect his Imperial Majesty of sinister motives in writing to Lord Tweedmouth, and every reason for trusting Lord Tweedmouth's and Sir Edward Grey's honour and independence, we have no sympathy with those individual members of the House of Commons who have shown a disposition to press for more detailed information than they see fit to give. It is time to admit frankly that public control over the details of the foreign relations of a great nation is a sheer fiction, and must remain impossible, if any consistent policy is to be maintained. Public control has never yet prevented war, and the most useless and ultimately disastrous wars have generally been the most popular.

There is no reason, except the fetich of party government, why the services of distinguished statesmen, such as Lord Lansdowne and Sir Edward Grey, should not be at the disposal of the country simultaneously, in the conduct of foreign affairs. We rejoice that the opponents of the ridiculous and illogical system of party Government are gaining strength and speaking more plainly every day, and we are not sorry that Lord Lansdowne, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Balfour have had this opportunity of showing that they will not allow party considerations to prevent Lord Tweedmouth and Sir Edward Grey from exercising their discretion freely in a matter of this kind, merely because they belong to a different political faction from themselves.

We learn with some surprise and considerable regret that the project for a memorial to Shakespeare has not fallen through. The committee has collected a certain

amount of money, and is now looking about for a site and a design. Doubtless they will get both, and the latter will ruin the former. On merely æsthetic grounds the little half-moon of green which Park Crescent folds in its arms is more beautiful in most lights than any-product of modern architecture and sculpture is likely to be; but æsthetic objections to the scheme are not the heaviest. Is it realised that if we build a memorial to Shakespeare in London we shall be putting him a little above Prince Albert, a good deal below Queen Victoria? And have we forgotten Milton's sonnet?

Memorials are erected from one or more of three causes: the impulse of personal affection driving to practical expression; the need for reminding the present and future ages of the work of the man or woman celebrated; the desire to boast before foreign countries. Neither of the first two causes is operative in the case of Shakespeare. We have no personal affection for him, not only because we never knew him personally, but because the Shakespeare of the public imagination is a purely fantastic being guaranteed by no evidence whatever. We may easily forget Canning, or Disraeli, or Havelock, or Hugh Rose, even Gordon, because war and politics are things of the moment, snow upon the desert's dusty face. We can never forget Shakespeare. And as for boasting before foreign countries, it would be futile. France would smile, Germany is already quite dangerously jealous, and modern America pretends to be of English descent in order to claim its share. It would be much more sensible and more graceful to spend the money in putting up memorials to Goethe and Molière.

The idea of a Shakespeare Memorial is either ridiculous or offensive, or both. But a practical use might be found for the money collected. Sir John Hare suggests a National Theatre. There is much to be said for this; but the money would be better spent, perhaps, in paying Mr. Tree never to produce Shakespeare again. A still better scheme would be to devote it to teaching people to act and dance and sing for themselves. Nothing is more deplorable, nor more socially dangerous, than the dependence of us all, rich and poor alike, on professional amusers. From the gallery-boy at the "Mo" to the Jew in the stalls of the Gaiety, we are helpless without the paid mime; and if the money was ours, we should hand it over to Mr. Louis Parker, Mr. F. R. Benson, Mrs. Kimmins, and a few others, and send them up and down the country teaching the people the lost art of play.

There would still be room in plenty for the professional who deserved it—for such an artist, for instance, as Miss Maud Allan, the dancer. The event of the week—the only event worth serious consideration, to the mind of the writer of this note—has been her appearance at the Palace. He believes this to be literally the first time London has had the chance of seeing the most beautiful of the arts perfectly exhibited. It is impossible to compare Miss Allan with Mlle. Genée, because they move in totally different worlds. Each is perfect in her own art; but we hold Miss Allan's art—the art of dramatic posture-dancing—to be the higher. We can imagine no better *katharsis* for the Puritan than to witness Miss Allan's "Salome" dance; and we commend, as highly as her consummate art, that lady's courage in devoting every gift and beauty she possesses to its service.

What has become of the "Baconians"? So far as we know, they have for some time forborne to shake the foundations of the literary world, and one is sorry for this silence. For, after all, there was something grandiose about the Baconian doctrine, and, since folly must always be with us, it is better that it should be on the great scale.

One thinks, with laughter, of Ignatius Donnelly's "discovery"—that the whole of Shakespeare's plays are a book *intus et foris scriptus*, containing a hidden history of the Elizabethan Age, and yet one cannot help envying the "discoverer," who was, no doubt, as fully possessed with a sense of the magnificence of his theory as was Columbus when the shores of the New World appeared on the horizon. How Donnelly must have enjoyed the working out of his scheme, the marshalling of those intricate systems of figures, the infinite labours of calculation, and, above all, the "results" which rewarded his toils. One hopes that he died a convinced Baconian; disillusionment would have been too cruel.

And the later developments have not lacked their majestic and imposing follies. Puzzles are very well; one can have some good fun with many of them; but how pale and trifling are their joys compared with those of a theory which makes all the literature of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries one vast puzzle, which bids us scan misprints and decorative title-pages, and even watermarks, with a firm assurance that the minutest *nod* may be a fingerpost of the hidden mystery. Mr. W. H. Mallock once caused the frontispiece to the first English version of Montaigne to be reproduced in illustration of the great theory. In the centre—if one remembers rightly—there were displayed certain arches; you turned the page to one side, and these arches became capital B's. The deduction, of course, was that Bacon wrote Montaigne's essays; a simple but splendid logical process. Baconianism, it will be seen, was not long content with its haul of Shakespeare; it went abroad and added Montaigne and Cervantes to Bacon's achievements, and then, returning, swept in practically the whole of Elizabethan and Jacobean literature, including Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

Nor was this enough. There was a lady who wrote a book to show that not only did Bacon write all the works of his age, but that he also founded Rosicrucianism and Freemasonry, and that St. Paul's Cathedral was constructed from his designs. And, best of all, the Baconian activities persist to this day, and the Baconian Secrets—it is not quite clear what these are—are preserved in the keeping of the officials of the British Museum and of the great paper-making firms, as appears by the continued use of certain water-marks. And there is a school within a school which not only maintains that "Shakespeare" was written by Bacon, but holds that *Romeo and Juliet* is an allegory of the Orphic Mysteries. On a rainy day one shakes off gloom in meditating on these matters, and one cannot help wishing that it were all true. Still, one must not forget that there are real literary and historical mysteries which await solution. Is the whole of modern drama to be traced back to the dramatic "performance" of the Easter sequence *Victimæ Paschali*? What is the history of the root *cam* or *gam* (a word in common use in Shakespeare's time)? Is the French *Compagnonage*, which celebrates—or did celebrate till quite recently—such curious rites, related to Freemasonry; and is there anything to be said in favour of the theory which makes each body a descendant of the Roman *Collegium*?

Last week's *Punch* contains a cartoon representing "Mr. Punch" standing with two children while in the background a Nonconformist minister, an Anglican Bishop, and a Roman Catholic priest are represented as indulging in a violent brawl. Mr. Punch has a grievous face, the face of the typical British Idiot who never can understand anything. He says "These children want better education," and the three brawlers in the background reply, "Don't interfere with us, we're busy fighting." This is the sort of thing one expects to see in a violent partisan paper like the *Westminster Gazette*, signed by "The Office Boy;" but it is a disgrace that a paper with the traditions of *Punch* should thus ignorantly and maliciously attack the Esta-

blished Church of this country and the Roman Catholics because, in the most dignified and strictly moderate language, they have announced their intention of resisting the efforts of unscrupulous political Nonconformists to seize their schools and compel their schoolchildren to adopt the religion of Mr. McKenna under pain of heavy penalties. The people of this country who are eccentric enough to desire that their children should be educated in the faith of their fathers and who are not attracted by "the New Theology" may well be thankful that their interests are not safeguarded by "Mr. Punch" in his capacity of the typical British Idiot.

The current number of the *Reperitorium für Kunstwissenschaft*, so ably edited by Professor H. Thode and Dr. von Tschudi, contains an interesting note by Freiherr von Hadeln on two pictures in the National Gallery, No. 808, and No. 1440, which at present hangs immediately above Gallery VII. These half-length figures, now representing St. Peter Martyr and St. Dominic, were first attributed to Gentile Bellini by Morelli, who pointed out that the *cartellini* ascribing them to Giovanni are both additions. This attribution has been generally accepted, though the authorities of the Gallery still retain the old one. But, according to Freiherr von Hadeln, the figures were originally far from being what they now seem. He maintains that what Gentile actually painted was the portraits of two Dominican monks, and that these were transformed by additions of a much later date into representations of the saints whose emblems and names they now bear. He points out that the inscription "Imago Fratris Theodori Urbinati" can be distinguished under the later addition in the St. Dominic canvas, a fact which any one can see for himself by examining the canvas, or indeed by consulting the catalogue, though the compilers of the latter have committed a precise inaccuracy which is quite inexcusable. They state that the date MDXV. is inscribed on the *cartellino*. It is not, but is upon the parapet below the original inscription, and in very much smaller characters, added apparently at a much later date even than the *cartellino*.

Freiherr von Hadeln expresses the opinion that the pictures ought to be restored to their original state by a careful removal, not only of the *cartellini*, but also of the halos and other emblems. We must distinguish between the pictures. The St. Peter Martyr panel is, of course, in a better state, and might probably be successfully restored. But we find it less easy to believe that the St. Dominic canvas could now be brought back to a state which would enable it to rank, as Freiherr von Hadeln contends, with the "Caterina Cornaro" at Pesth, or the "Sultan Mahomet" in Lady Layard's possession. It is only fair to observe that the authorities of the National Gallery, whether past or present, are not responsible for the suspicious appearance of the canvas, for it does not belong to the Gallery, but is a loan from the Victoria and Albert Museum.

We have pleasure in announcing that Mr. Laurence Binyon will give a series of four lectures in the Theatre of the Albert Hall on Thursday afternoons from the 19th of March to the 6th of April, at half-past five o'clock. The lectures will each last for one hour, and will deal—First, with China in the Twelfth Century, one of the recurring Chinese periods of "illumination" and culture; the Second, with the growth of a National Art in Japan, which culminated in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; the Third, with the Chinese Renaissance in Japan, which was triumphant in the fifteenth century, and the second wave of influence of the Ming art of China; the Fourth, with the Later Art of China and Japan, showing the last impulse from China in Japan in the eighteenth century, and certain European influences. Tickets may be obtained from Messrs. Carfax and Co., 24, Bury Street, St. James's, S.W., at the price of one guinea for the course, or 6s. for a single lecture.

Lady Grove contributed a characteristic letter to last Tuesday's *Westminster Gazette*. Her contention is that the entrance of women into the political arena would tend to leaven the "hysteria" by which mere men are liable to be infected in matters touching Imperial interests. Here are a few samples from her letter indicating the sort of soothing influence which might be expected to be infused into party politics by the accession to its ranks of the Suffragist sisterhood:

I can say that a more mischievous exhibition of party vindictiveness under a false pretence of concern for high Imperial interests than the action of the *Times* . . . it is difficult to conceive.

Has the *Times* correspondent any idea what such rhodomontade would mean? I doubt if any other sane, intelligent human being does (*sic*).

I imagined that they and this method of expressing them were confined to the utterances of half-educated nursery governesses or their charges.

Now, irrespective of any opinion as to the justification for the "scare" raised by the *Times* in connection with the Kaiser's correspondence with Lord Tweedmouth, we should like to point out that the person who is primarily responsible for the policy adopted by the *Times* in the present juncture is the military correspondent of that journal. He is unquestionably one of the most able and brilliant men in his own line in this country. So far is he from being under any suspicion of being a mere party man that it is notorious that he supplied most of the details and materials for the attack on the late Government's military policy, and that he has steadily supported Mr. Haldane's policy under the present Government. In fact, he is in military matters conspicuously and notoriously free from any party bias whatsoever. Whether he was right or wrong in drawing public attention to a state of affairs which he considered dangerous is a matter of opinion; but to speak of his action as "mischievous exhibition of party vindictiveness" is to betray a quite remarkable ignorance as to the real facts and motives underlying the policy of the *Times* as directed by him. Lady Grove's letter will not advance the cause of Woman's Suffrage, but as an object-lesson it is of inestimable value.

THE DESTROYER

He stands on high in the torch-glare,
 With planted feet, with lifted axe:
 Behind, a gulf of crimson air;
 Beneath, the old wall that gapes and cracks.
 Tossed fragments crash to dust and smoke.
 Exulting life, aloft he stands
 And drives his unrepentant stroke,
 Nor heeds the havoc of his hands.
 Below, one lingers gazing. Why
 Within his heart does secret joy
 Quivering awaken and reply
 To each home-blow, Destroy, destroy!
 Lulled in the casual feast of sense,
 Awed by the ages' fortress-walls,
 Out of its slumber roused, intense,
 To the swung axe a demon calls;
 Man's Demon, never satiate,
 That finds nought made to its desire.
 How shall it to this world be mate,—
 To a world of stone, a heart of fire?

LAURENCE BINYON.

REVIEWS

POLITICS AND TARIFFS

Sixty Years of Protection in Canada. By EDWARD PORRITT. (Macmillan, 6s. net.)

At the present moment Mr. Edward Porritt's book on the working of commercial tariffs in Canada should secure a great many readers, for it is impossible not to see that the struggle in the British constituencies, whether we think of bye-elections or of the next general election, will revolve for some time round the proposals for tariff reform. The various political parties know this, and all our legislators know it, however paramount to any of them individually the claims of temperance or educational questions, for example, may seem; the situation implied, therefore, is that every thoughtful man and woman among us should be acquiring information with a view to giving or to influencing a well-deliberated vote on this crucial matter of Imperial policy. Four or five years ago an attitude of neutrality towards the movement for tariff reform was reasonable; a faith in which we were all brought up was rudely challenged on grounds that had not been well considered, and it was at that juncture the course of a prudent person to demand time in which to weigh the possibilities of numerous issues which were receiving no attention from either convinced reformers or equally convinced free traders. There was sense four or five years ago in the attitude of those who refused to make up their minds immediately. But May, 1903, is now a fairly distant date, and, complicated though the whole matter of fiscal legislation may be, it will soon become a proof of pusillanimity rather than of sagacity to be found taking neither side. And as the assailants of the present order of things grow more aggressive it becomes more incumbent upon the free traders to defend their faith upon other than historical grounds. They have been feeling for some time the necessity of showing that a system which undoubtedly worked well in the middle of last century is still so essentially good that to tamper with it would be an act of almost impious rashness, and at this moment no efforts are being spared to demonstrate that in countries where protection is stringent real prosperity is absent.

There is no country whose experiences it could be more pertinent to quote than Canada, because for many reasons we have of late been led to regard our vast western Dominion as among the most valuable assets of the crown. German, French, and American statistics, when urged for or against free trade, are regarded as interesting by most of us—and no doubt the conditions of these countries, as far as they are analogous to those prevalent in the British Isles have their lessons for us; but it is impossible not to feel that the views of Canada, and the situation as existent in Canada, appeal with more direct force. In a measure this is right, as the policy of tariff reform is advocated largely on the ground that it would play an important part in welding our Empire into a homogeneous whole; and in a measure it is wrong, as the social conditions of Great Britain much more closely represent, if only by the size of population and the magnitude and diversity of affairs, those of Germany than those of Canada. So we must not exaggerate the assistance to us that a knowledge of Canadian affairs may be when we are striving to arrive at an impression upon tariff reform that shall be sufficiently clear-cut to warrant our voting upon it; but at the same time we do well, of course, to learn what we can from Canada.

Mr. Porritt loses no time in revealing the lessons which he wishes to teach us. His first chapter deals with what he terms "the grip" of the protected interests on the Canadian government and the Canadian press, and the text of this chapter is formed by the following words of Sir Richard Cartwright, the present Liberal Minister of Trade and Commerce in the Canadian Parliament:

The moment you introduce the Protective system you create a class whose interests are essentially different from those of the people at

large, and who become the ready contributors to corruption funds, sharing with their masters the plunder which they have been enabled to take from the people.

The quotation is not dated, and it probably belongs to the period of Sir Richard Cartwright's career when he was one of the leaders of the Liberal party through many long years of opposition, during which time he became recognised as the chief financial critic of the Conservative policy of qualified protection. It is known that the Liberal party since they have been in office in Canada have modified their views considerably upon the whole question of fiscal legislation, so that a sermon preached from an old *dictum* of Sir Richard Cartwright loses much of its authority, as the author has repudiated, to a great extent, the views which he enunciated formerly—or, at any rate, is in a Cabinet which holds a very different opinion from those views. This does not daunt Mr. Porritt, however. He finds the old Sir Richard Cartwright—the man in opposition whose duty it was to oppose—to be the real man; and the new Sir Richard Cartwright—the man whose words as well as his deeds have to be tempered by the responsibilities of office—a negligible factor in Canadian politics. The same courage is manifested throughout the book, which is a frank and forcible pamphlet against protection, wherein every attempt is made to show the logic of free trade views by a recapitulation of the history of protection in Canada from 1846 until the present day—1846 being, of course, the date of the repeal of the Corn Laws in Great Britain by Sir Robert Peel. That history is told by Mr. Porritt so as to leave no doubt on the mind that protection, as demanded by the manufacturing interests in Canada, is the bane of the Dominion, and that the fiscal and commercial freedom accruing to Canada through the adoption by the mother country of free trade has been at the bottom of Canadian prosperity. So abundantly and overwhelmingly clear does he make this out to us that it is inevitable that we should suspect his reading of history, for if the advantages of free trade to Canada were as conspicuous as he believes them to be, the present differences of opinion could not exist.

Mr. Porritt describes how the action of Sir Robert Peel was received at first with consternation in Canada, where many leaders of thought held that the only possible reply to such a disturbance of the commercial ties between the mother country and the colony was the secession of the colony. He does not minimise the seriousness of the disloyal feeling produced, but he passes very lightly over the actual and material effect in Upper Canada of the fiscal revolution in Great Britain. We have always understood that the Canadians—at least, many of those engaged in the grain and lumber businesses—suffered very severely when the preferential bond with Great Britain was divided; but Mr. Porritt does not linger over this part of the story, preferring to state that "the year of the adoption of free trade in England saw also the beginning of the era of fiscal freedom for Canada," before passing to an elaborate review of the Elgin-Marcy treaty. This was the treaty of conditional reciprocity between the United States and Canada which followed upon the realisation by Canada that the home government had not insisted on reciprocity for the Dominion when throwing open the ports of Great Britain to the imports of the United States. The advantages which this treaty gave to the maritime provinces of the Dominion were undoubted, for which reason the United States abrogated it as soon as possible. This is all well explained in Mr. Porritt's book, for he has the gift of exposition and knows the authorities whom it is best to consult; but the fact that the Elgin-Marcy treaty during its short life brought some benefits to some parts of Canada is not a proof that all Canada bloomed into prosperity under conditions attributable to the establishment of free trade in Great Britain.

The last half of Mr. Porritt's book can be described briefly as a denunciation of what is known in Canada as the National Policy—that is to say, a policy of protection of Canadian industries. Mr. Porritt adopts the picture of the situation drawn by Mr. Goldwin Smith, who has said

that on the neck of the Canadian there rides an association of protected manufacturers making the community and all the great interests of the country contributory to their gains. The sage of Toronto is always eloquent, usually positive, but not invariably right. The facts which Mr. Porritt has recorded are undeniable, but there are other facts which would put a different complexion upon them. The protectionist movement in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec between 1846 and the Confederation is an indication that, whatever the opinion of the maritime provinces, swayed by the profits of American reciprocity, may have been, Montreal, Toronto, and Quebec, three fairly important centres, did not share it. There was here a distinct feeling in favour of protection, and Mr. Porritt is reticent on the matter. He accounts for the present desire for protection as an expression of the grasping nature of certain groups of manufacturers, but for practical purposes those manufacturers had no existence until thirty years or forty years after the adoption by Great Britain of free trade. The gap in the argument is sure to be supplied by the protectionist, who will say that all along Canada has been simply shaping towards a self-supporting position, and that then, as now, her rulers have believed that some measure of protection, whether they approve theoretically of it or no, has been found necessary if the profits of development are to be turned to the best advantage for the country.

Mr. Porritt writes with absolute sincerity, and after giving close personal attention to the situation; but the virtue of his advocacy of the cause of free trade is detracted from by his inability to see the history of Canada from any standpoint save that of the convinced free trader. We began by saying that the experiences of a country like Canada in the matter of protective tariffs would be of particular interest to persons still striving to make up their minds which way they should vote in the near future at home. Many such persons may read this book, but we should not be at all surprised if the result proved exactly opposite to that desired by Mr. Porritt. Let us imagine the case of the elector—and his like must be numerous—who knows this much of Canada, that it is a country which of late years has made enormous progression, and has increased in riches, population, and importance day by day. He reads in Mr. Porritt's book that all this fine result has been secured under a system of protection, and is asked by Mr. Porritt to curse the system because, if it were abolished, the country would be so much wealthier and happier. The elector may be convinced and register a free trade vote in England. But he may rebel against Mr. Porritt's conclusions, which are necessarily based on theory, and regard only the material facts. He may argue to himself that the rise of Canada is an undeniable truth, that a higher rise under different conditions can only be a matter of argument, and find himself, after perusal of a well-informed and vigorous free trade tract, a recalcitrant protectionist.

TWO AMERICAN MYTHOLOGIES.

The Mythologies of Ancient Mexico and Peru. By LEWIS SPENCE. Religions Ancient and Modern. (Constable and Co., 1s. net.)

IF this volume can be taken as a true sample of Messrs. Constable's series they can be highly congratulated. But though they have many contributors recognised as authorities in their several subjects, it is too much to expect that many of the volumes will reach the standard of Mr. Spence's. It is a model of sound knowledge, crystallised in an attractive form, and enlivened by original criticism. Mr. Spence succeeds in giving his readers, in an hour, a comprehensive view of the nature of the Mexican and Peruvian religions, corrected up to the latest guesses of modern research, with sufficient detail of those terrible and picturesque rites and mythologies to attract the attention

and impress the memory. He performs this feat in some eighty small pages and some fifteen thousand words. The first and last of his six short chapters he devotes to epitomising the latest surmises as to the origin of American peoples and religions, and the question of foreign influence on the latter. It is supposed that America was once united to Europe by land, of which Iceland and the Farö Islands are the remains. By this isthmus, it is likely that our remotest ancestors, the Proto-Europeans, migrated into America. It is possible that the "Skraelings," found in North America by the Norsemen in the tenth century, may have been the least mixed descendants of these first settlers from Europe. Similarly and more probably, Proto-Mongolians migrated by way of the Behring Strait. The variety of shapes in the crania of the Amerinds (American-Indians) shows that they were evolved from races of more than one type the Proto-Mongolian being the largest element. The Red man would, therefore, be the development of the Yellow man before he became Mongolian, with some admixture of the White man before he became European. By the time of the second discovery of North America, no race resembling "Skraelings" remained, and the type of the Red man had become mainly Mongolian. But the rapid approximation of Europeans to the Amerind type, which is taking place before our eyes, may point to an apparent rather than real disappearance of the Proto-European element, which was evident in the "Skraelings." As regards the Mexican and Peruvian races in particular, at the time of the second discovery of America, both were, in their own countries, later races, which had imposed themselves by conquest on earlier, advanced civilisations, in the case of the Mexicans, only some four hundred years before the arrival of Columbus. Both countries also were at that time expecting the speedy fulfilment of legends, which promised the arrival of a beneficent race, which should be white and bearded. In Mexico, the influence of the white-clad priests of Quetzalcoatl, a deity probably adopted from the earlier inhabitants by their Aztec and Toltec conquerors, no doubt procured the friendly reception of the Spaniards. In the mythology and religion of both countries, there is very little trace of elements extraneous to America, though it is just possible that Buddhist priests from Cabul, according to the Chinese annals, visited those parts of America in the fifth century. Such influence would, of course, be traceable in the milder religion of Peru and the cult of Quetzalcoatl in Mexico, and not in the sanguinary rites peculiar to the Aztecs. The stories of Celtic visits—that of St. Brendan from Ireland, and that of Prince Madoc from Wales in the year 1170—have scarcely obtained any historical confirmation. We confine our remarks mainly to these less interesting chapters of Mr. Spence's book, because something of the more interesting rites of both countries is well known through Prescott, whose works have been brought up to date by copious notes in recent editions easily obtainable. We desire rather, in the small space left us, to notice a few of the clear and pertinent comments of Mr. Spence. He differentiates admirably between Totemism and Naturalism. "Naturalism is the worship of some natural phenomenon," whether it be the sun, or some animal, or plant. The religion of the Peruvians was much more naturalistic in this sense than that of the Mexicans. It was as naturalism, that the late Professor Max Müller and his companions attempted to explain all religions, and, in our estimation, threw no light on any. We welcome Mr. Spence's impatience at a school which seemed to us, even in our early youth, full of dull charlatanism, and we now hope is fast disappearing. Totemism is the belief in blood-kinship of a family or tribe with an animal or plant, originally adopted as a symbol. The origin of the worship of Huitzilopochtli ("the humming-bird on the left") was, Mr. Spence considers with great likelihood, partly totemic. That god was the Ares of the Aztecs, and their peculiar tribal deity. Totemism probably existed once among the Peruvians, but there is little trace of it by the time of the arrival of the Spaniards. Mr. Spence also notices the absolutely theocratic nature of the empire of Peru:

The Inca was the direct representative of the sun upon earth. He was the very keystone of a socio-religious edifice, to equal which, in intricacy of design and organisation, the entire history of man has no parallel to offer.

All crime was a direct offence against the majesty of the Inca, who, as viceroy of the Sun on earth, had been blasphemed by the breaking of his law.

Mr. Spence also notices that behind and above the theocracy of Peru, and the polytheism of both countries, celebrated as it was in Mexico by atrocious ritual massacres, was the idea of One Supreme Being, to Whom appeal was made, especially in the rites of confession and absolution. The many gods were but, as it were, the personification of His attributes. Mr. Spence is of those who hold that "the knowledge of that power is inalienable from the mind of man." He notices also that the sacrifices of the Mexicans were probably, and in some cases certainly, offered, not to appease the gods, but to nourish them. A possible parallel occurs to us in those curious texts of the Mosaic law and prophecies, which refer to the "food" (*pabulum*) and the "table" (*mensa*) of the Lord; and more certainly in the narrative of Bel and the Dragon.

Finally, we may for once disagree with Mr. Spence, for he finds it

difficult to believe that a people so imbrued [as were the Mexicans] in a religion of bloodshed could have been punctilious in matters of morality. It seems certain, however, that as a race [they] were austere moral, pious, truth-loving, and loyal as citizens, and even the sanguinary priests do not appear to have reaped any benefit from their terrible offices.

We are not surprised, for such complete possession by Moloch seems to imply the exclusion of softer daemons.

MR. HARDY'S DRAMA

The Dynasts. A Drama. By THOMAS HARDY. Vol. 3. (Macmillan, 4s. 6d. net.)

It would be a brilliant thing to say that Mr. Hardy's "Dynasts" is too philosophical to be good drama, and too dramatic to be sound philosophy; but unfortunately it would be untrue. The really true and candid thing to say is, we fancy, that the work is so extraordinary in aim and energy and scope that we are almost baffled in attempting to comprehend it. But it has—most clearly it has—the one quality which could make so large and various a thing coherently vital; it has philosophical unity.

There are, of course, many people who read Mr. Hardy's novels only for the story; there are some few, doubtless, who read them only for their expression of the modern questioning mind at its highest; and there are others, far less numerous (we fear) than the former, but more considerable (we hope) than the latter, who read them as they read *Romeo and Juliet*, as they read of aught noble and profound in prose or verse

Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine.

So the publication of the first volume of this work was an arresting event. The author's deep interest in the Napoleonic period, and his acquaintance with men who bore their part in the burden of that great day, these are known to the readers of the Wessex novels. Those loud years of strife and menace form a background for the novelist's imaginative operations, as they do in many of Balzac's novels. In a drama of Napoleon, then, we said . . .

And again: Who among those who hold the true faith of the treasurableness and inspiration of the English Turgenév could fail to look with keen expectation for the work wherein a vaster theme and vaster events should be the medium of his imaginative activity? The novels have declared so powerful a dramatic force, so sure a sense of dramatic "inevitableness" (to use a cumbrous phrase) that we have looked somewhat urgently for the completion of the promised trilogy. And lastly, we have wondered whether, in spite of his plain dramatic sense, the master of

irony would not find himself trammelled in his larger scheme by the limits of his ironic perception. Would not the ironist defeat the dramatist?

At least, we remembered, Mr. Hardy had never been delicately careful of the weed Reputation; he had not hesitated to follow the long series of prose fiction with two volumes of short poems—receiving what thankful welcome from true lovers of true poetry is already known.

Nothing in the "Dynasts," then—and we mean it as the highest tribute—has greatly surprised us; our doubts are dissipated. There are a hundred fine things in it that we should like to mention. There is the singular gnomic force which Mr. Hardy expresses sometimes more clearly in his verse than in his prose. There is the old sense of sardonic laughter somewhere just behind yon cloud or flower, within this lichened rock, in the sunlight frayed from that line of tossing bayonets. There is, as always in his profoundest work, keen sense of:

The heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible World.

And there are a hundred fine, bright, natural things; dialogue as sharp and volleying as any to be found where quick-minded men meet, rustic humour as rich as—well, as Mr. Hardy's best, for more we cannot say; songs that have surely been overheard, so rightly sung are they. . . . Does the reader remember this from the first volume?—

In the wild October night-time, when the wind raved round the
land,
And the Back-sea met the Front-sea, and our doors were blocked with
sand,
And we heard the drub of Dead-man's Bay, where bones of thousands
are,
We knew not what the day had done for us at Trafalgar.
All) Had done
Had done
For us at Trafalgar!

The new volume contains another, sung by a Peninsula Sergeant:

When we lay where Budmouth Beach is
O, the girls were fresh as peaches,
With their tall and tossing figures and their eyes of blue and brown!
And our hearts would ache with longing
As we passed from our sing-singing,
With a smart *Click! Click!* up the Esplanade and down.

These clearly are the work of the author of "Valenciennes" and the other fine "songs of action" in "Wessex Poems."

This trilogy, however, has more notable qualities. True it is bare of ornament: you will find no mere rhetoric permitted for rhetoric's sake; you will rather perceive a noble austerity and disparagement of unessential felicities. You must even be prepared for a certain harshness of verse, sign of an imperfect mastery of the medium, though it is strange how insignificant this defect appears in the whole drama, especially in the blank-verse parts, which are grave and weighty, often mightily kindling with the living fire. Outweighing every defect, however, there is a singular comprehensive power and clarity of imagination in the vast views which the author commands by a single phrase; as when you look with him from a remote lofty eye-station upon "four groups of moth-like transport ships silently skimming the wide liquid plain;" or, when, in the simple description of a linking "dumb show," he unfolds the immense panorama of conflict as a mere "see-saw," noting characteristically how close by a little stream "continues to trickle unconcernedly to sea." More plainly still is this power manifest in the brief vivid descriptions of the great campaigns; and, perhaps, the best instance is to be found in the splendid and lurid confusion of the Waterloo scenes, with their powerful suggestion of the flinging gambler's fury and failure, and the sombre disenchantment following strife.

We may say all this, and more, without approaching the vital point—that is, Mr. Hardy's own attitude. It is, we take it, plain that he has not written three volumes simply in order to give us vivid pictures of crowded campaigns or a clear and sympathetic characterisation of Napoleon the Conqueror; though these things he assuredly

has done. Beyond all this he gives us what is more valuable than thirty volumes of vivid pictures; he gives us a philosophical conception of the vast era, and suggests an interpretation of its national movements—indeed, of human progress itself. Here is the great theme. A finer background he could hardly have chosen, nor one more certain of appeal to thoughtful English readers. The Napoleonic spirit is not dead; its mouthpieces change and pass, thinking they stand for themselves. Mr. Hardy tells us that Napoleon did not stand for himself only, nor for France only; he stood, as we may conceive, for man insurgent, awhile dominant, teased with glory, exposed, smothered. Mr. Hardy spares us the hateful gibe of supposing that lives vanished like smoke and tears fell like rain merely for the aggrandisement of an inordinately ambitious soldier. There is a Hand behind the Show; but is that Hand moved blindly, or does it only seem to move blindly because beyond our comprehension? We are like children who, coming as we think to an irresponsible, hearty pantomime, are suddenly confronted with the *Electra* or *The Trojan Women*. Puppets still, of pantomime or tragedy, are the dim figures on the distant dwarfed stage. But what of the Hand, the Brain behind?

It is with the answer to such obstinate questionings that the development of this profound drama is concerned. The suggestion of the activity of what Mr. Hardy calls the Immanent Will is repeated throughout by Spirits of the Pities and Ironies, the Spirit Sinister, and the Spirit of the Years; a Will hinted and glimpsed, distrusted, and finally praised. The pervading idea of the Immanent Will informing the affairs of an infinitesimal world gives unity to the survey thereof. It does more—it affords a persistent clue to the meaning of the mystery of the heaving, bloody earth, that else were merely grotesque and grim. It is the Immanent Will,

The purposive, unmotived, dominant Thing
Which sways in brooding dark men's wayfaring!

The Spirit of the Pities, interpreting the motions of the all but inscrutable, discerns:

Yet is it but Napoleon who has failed;
The pale pathetic peoples still plod on
Through hoodwinkings to light.

Napoleon himself perceives, as in a glass darkly, the Moving Finger writing:

I have ever known
That such a Will I passively obeyed!

but he, supreme Egoist, does not perceive that it is more than his own fate that is written, more than the fate of a dynasty; to him the writing is indecipherable. For the vaster issues of the spinning world's destiny are suggested. Brooding over the expiring frenzy of Waterloo, the Ironie Spirits determine of the Immanent Will

A fixed foresightless dream
Is its whole philosopheme.

But Mr. Hardy does not end with this. The illumination of the Will itself is indicated, and the consequent redemption of the illimitable failure of the world. There is an After Scene in which the author's conception reaches full height. The Spirit of the Years speaks of the "Great Foresightless" weaving its "ceaseless artistries in Circumstance;" of which "but one flimsy ribbon" is all that they have watched. The Pities sing the Will Beneficent:

Who hadst not shaped such souls as we
If tender mercy lacked in Thee!

And following the still sombre questionings of the Spirit of the Years and the Spirit Ironie, sounds the final chorus:

But a stirring thrills the air
Like to sounds of joyance there,
That the rages
Of the ages

Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the darts
that were,
Consciousness the Will informing, till it fashion all things fair

Is it only years that have passed since Mr. Hardy wrote the great and hopeless chapters of "Tess" and "Jude the

Obscure"? However that be, we are happy to have the completion of a work wherein a great theme is developed in the great manner of which only a mature and powerful genius is capable. And thankful as we are to the author for the vital energy and fine distinction of his drama, we are yet more thankful for the profound conception by which it is illuminated and unified—conception of a finer and loftier wisdom than any discovered by the noblest of of his prose writings.

TWO BOOKS ABOUT THE NAVY

Champions of the Fleet. By EDWARD FRASER. (John Lane, 6s.)

The Royal Navy. Painted by NORMAN WILKINSON. Described by H. L. SWINBURNE. (A. and C. Black, 20s.)

PUBLIC interest in the Royal Navy, the growth of which has been so marked during the last ten years, is naturally reacting on our literary activity. Not only is British naval history, formerly somewhat neglected, receiving that attention which is its just due, but there is a tendency to produce "popularising" books on the subject of less austerity than the bulky tomes of the formal historian.

The general standard of these works is high. The invincible spirit of our forefathers lives essentially in the history of the sea service, and cannot fail to inspire, in some measure, the pen of the writer. The two books here considered, although very different in conception, are no exceptions to this rule. Like its title, Mr. Fraser's volume of rambling naval history is discursive and loosely knit, but contains much that is of interest and value from antiquarian, historical, and sentimental points of view. Herein are set forth the services and histories, from the building of their prototypes to the present day, of certain renowned men-of-war and of the officers whose deeds have given to those ships' names their lustre. The book is defective in construction and displays some literary inequality. In Chapter I., for instance, the flavour of the excellent description of the first *Dreadnought's* exploits in action with the Armada is marred by the concluding "flying glance" at the *Dreadnought* of to-day—this "glance" consisting of jejune statistics about that very fine engine of war, and the application of exaggerated epithet to her capabilities. Appropriate to the moment, Mr. Fraser calls attention to the part which the Navy took in the military foundation of the Indian Empire. It will be new to most readers that naval guns had a decisive influence on the fortunes of the "fiery few" at Plassey, the renown of which, in most English minds, is exclusively associated with the name of Clive. There are nineteen illustrations, chiefly reproduced from contemporary prints.

The "Royal Navy" is a book with which, at a moment when the Navy seems likely to be dragged into the disastrous arena of party politics, one could wish that potent individual, "the Man in the Street," to be made acquainted. Even those "free and independent electors" who view Naval expenditure through the distorting prism of "anti-patriotic bias," or, to go further, even a "bloated armament" sentimentalist, might acquire some historical ballast in reading it. Admirably printed and attractively bound, it contains, in a surprisingly limited space, a history of the development of the Navy from the reign of King Alfred to the present time. In spite of the necessary condensation, Mr. Swinburne has done substantial justice to his fascinating subject. He writes concisely and to the point, and, although the ground covered is vast, there appear to be no serious omissions. In dealing with the war services of the Navy in modern times, however, he has fallen headlong into the pitfall of contemporary historians. Markedly in chronicling the naval side of the Egyptian and South African Wars he has devoted far too much of his small space to detail and to the relation of the personal

services of individuals: this portion of the text standing, in these respects, in unhappy contrast with his admirably condensed history of the Tudor Navy and of "Eighteen Hundred and War Time."

The book is provided throughout with beautiful reproductions of water-colours by Mr. Norman Wilkinson, illustrative of the various types in the long evolution from Alfred's "King's Ships" to the modern man-of-war. These pictures should tend to convince even the most bigoted that, as regards fighting-ships at any rate, the coming of the Age of Coal and Steam has not meant the total destruction of the Romance of the Sea, or the final loss of the artistic aspect of "tall ships." The book concludes with an article on the Seaman's Dress by Commander C. N. Robinson, R.N., which is illustrated by J. Jellicoe.

LORD CROMER'S BOOK—ITS PERSONAL ASPECT

PART II.

In a first article, published in THE ACADEMY of March 7th, I showed how little Lord Cromer's habit of mind—contracted during his long years of diplomatic make-believe at Cairo—had suited him for the delicate task of historian undertaken by him in his book, "Modern Egypt." Neither the instinct of truth, unblunted by the daily necessities of a false official position, was his, nor a zeal for critical inquiry, nor that strong sense of justice which is so necessary in an historian ready, as a first duty, to reopen hasty decisions and repair wrongs, known to be wrongs. I showed how this was exemplified in Lord Cromer's account of the Revolution of 1882, compiled, as it is, not from fresh and impartial sources, for he had no personal knowledge of that period, but exclusively from the stale record of the Blue Books arranged to suit the case for British intervention, whose special pleader he had made himself. To-day I propose to show how he has dealt with the years immediately following 1882, those of his own early diplomatic career as Consul-General at Cairo. Here his first object is to prove that England's long stay in Egypt has been a fatality imposed on her, not by his mistakes, but by the nature of things, and her failure to fulfil her promises due only to the fact that the promises were impossible. Neither of these propositions is true. Lord Cromer's method in attempting to prove them is as little straightforward as in the earlier case. Ignoring the true reasons which made the intention of an immediate evacuation of Egypt fail, he lays the whole burden of responsibility on the Mahdist rising in the Soudan; while, with regard to the promises made to the Egyptians of restoring to them some kind of constitutional self-government, he contents himself with an attempt to show that Lord Dufferin's "Charter" of 1883, poor reparation as it was for what they had lost, was never seriously intended, either by him or by the Government of the day in Downing Street which entrusted him with its drawing up. On both these points I have it in my power to contribute evidence in contradiction to Lord Cromer's reasoning, evidence, which he cannot have been altogether ignorant of, and which is yet wholly absent from his book.

I may begin by saying that, long before the date of Lord Dufferin's mission to Egypt, I had the advantage of knowing Lord Dufferin personally well. As a mere boy attached to the Athens Legation, and when Lord Dufferin himself was only thirty-four, I was fortunate enough to see much of him during some months that he spent in Greece on his way back home from a first tourist's visit to Egypt in 1859. He was travelling at the time with his mother, to whom he was through life touchingly devoted, and both were kind to me, and the friendly relations thus formed at Athens were, I am glad to remember, maintained between us while she lived and afterwards till his own death in 1902. It was consequently with some confidence that I looked to him, when he came on his

mission of reconstruction to Cairo after Tel-el-Kebir, for a fair judgment of the Egyptian case. Nor was I wholly disappointed. It is certain that the disclosures made in connection with the trial of Arabi disposed him to a course which, if it had been taken boldly and at once, would have solved the problem both of an early evacuation and of the placing of Egypt on a self-governing basis. The idea, as I heard it at the time, was to restore the National Party in its civilian elements to power, and so secure the co-operation of the only body of opinion in the country really desirous of reform and constitutional progress. I do not affirm that this idea ever took the shape of a definite proposal made by Lord Dufferin to the Foreign Office, but it certainly underlay the project of recreating Egyptian liberty formulated in his celebrated dispatch. Sir Charles Wilson was, I know, mentioned as a successor to Sir Edward Malet in this connection, and the strong sympathy he had acquired at the time of the trial with Nationalism would have suited him well for the post. It was even half-promised that Arabi himself might after a short interval be allowed with the rest of the exiles to return to Egypt and take part in the National reconstruction. I will tell what I know of this.

On December 8th, 1882, General Gordon called on me in London and discussed the whole matter with me; and I find the following note of what he told me on that occasion. He had read the first part of my narrative, published in the *Nineteenth Century* review, of the events before the war, and he advised me strongly to leave it for the present unfinished:

"You do not require it," he said, "for your own justification, and as to the Government, they are resolved now to do justice. You may have perfect faith in Mr. Gladstone, and I know that he intends to restore Arabi as soon as public opinion shall have cooled down, and he can do it without too sudden a reversal of his policy. Arabi will be back in Egypt in a couple of years, and you can then write your history far more effectively than now."

Three weeks later I received a letter, dated December 26th, in which he repeats the information:

Arabi (Gordon writes) will be back in a couple of years, say in eighteen months. I think things are very critical in Cairo, and the day I called on you I went to Brett [the present Lord Escher, who was then Lord Harlington's Private Secretary at the War Office], and begged him to urge Government to assemble the Notables at once. Napoleon suffered far more from the revolts of Cairo than from the troops. Colvin is to be recalled.

I have never learned in so many words precisely what it was that prevented an idea quite easy of execution at the time, and which alone could have solved the double problem of evacuation and liberal reconstruction, from being put into execution. It is, however, pretty clear to me that the true obstacle to it was the unfortunate identification of English policy with the maintenance of the Khedive Tewfik on the throne. Tewfik was both detested and despised in Egypt—detested by the Nationalists for having deserted the National cause to the enemy after the bombardment of Alexandria, despised by his own small Court party of Turkish pashas for his subservience to English orders. To have left him face to face with his own angry subjects unsupported by British bayonets would have been to risk another revolution. There was only one way in which the policy identified with Lord Dufferin's name could have been made to work successfully, and that would have been to replace Tewfik through the Sultan by a more capable and less unpopular Khedive. For this extreme logic, however, the British Government was not prepared. It would have involved the admission of mistakes altogether damning, and there was behind all their counsels the constant pressure of Finance urging them to be content with a prince who had throughout made himself the pliant servant of their interests. This was the true reason, I do not doubt it, of the failure.

Of Lord Dufferin's personal view of what he intended by his charter I have, fortunately, by me a written record. Among the conversations I had with him in later years about Egypt I find one set down in my diary exactly to the point. It was in 1892, when he had been for some time

Ambassador at Paris, and it was at Paris that it occurred. I give it textually thus:

October 19th.—Called on Lord Dufferin, who was in the same room that Lytton used to work in. He was very charming to me, asking me to give him a copy of my new book [the Kelmescott Edition of the "Sonnets of Proteus"] for his "Helen's Tower," a library named after his mother. . . . I then asked him to help me about Arabi's release, and he spoke nicely of him, and promised to say a word in his favour next time he should have an opportunity. On the general question of Egypt he also volunteered some remarks. He said that, on the whole policy of retaining or abandoning a Mediterranean influence, no responsible person would be willing to give an opinion uncalled for; but that, if Egypt was to be evacuated, there was only one way—namely, to build up some sort of self-government. He was especially opposed to Turkish rule, and had always intended, in the settlement he made, that the government should be in the hands of the native Egyptians, not the Turks. He had devised his "Constitution" for Egypt with that idea. He was not one of those who thought popular government foreign to Eastern ideas. On the contrary, the East had been the home of Councils and Mejlisses, and he had always been of opinion that, if you could put Egypt to work *in vacuo*, there was nothing to prevent success. He had been glad to see that Baring recognised the help rendered him by the Councils, and he had written to tell him so. We then discussed how the power of the Councils might be increased, and also the safeguards against interference from Constantinople. He talked with so much interest that his seryant had to come in and remind him that he had an appointment to breakfast somewhere; and so it ended.

This, though brief, is an important record, and all the more so when it is recollected that it refers to a time when there was the opportunity, caused by the death of Tewfik and the accession of the present Khedive, for making a fresh start at Cairo, had Lord Cromer been willing, in the direction of self-government. It was a private talk recorded at the time, and worth reams of official dispatches.

A more curious bit of evidence is that which I have to give in regard to Mr. Gladstone on the same important point. The full detail of it is, in a manner, forced upon me by one of those little stiletto-stabs in the form of foot-notes appended to the text of Lord Cromer's book, which I noticed in my first article. In it, under guise of defending Mr. Gladstone from an unjust imputation, he seeks, as far as I can understand his motive, to minimise Mr. Gladstone's secret sympathy with the cause of liberty I from time to time was pleading with him. The circumstances of the case were these. In the month of August, 1883, I was on the point of leaving England for India, where it was my design to inquire into the true condition of the native races, and especially of the Mohamedan community, with respect to eventual Home Rule. It was a year since I had had any communication with Downing Street or with Mr. Gladstone. Lord Granville and the Foreign Office were, as I knew, enraged at my interference with their plans in connection with the trials at Cairo, and Mr. Gladstone was estranged from me partly by this, and more especially by the common action which I had latterly taken with Lord Randolph Churchill, in our joint attempt to stop the persecution of the Nationalists, which, after Lord Dufferin's departure from Egypt, had been scandalously renewed. I was quite unprepared for any communication from Mr. Gladstone, nor had I seen his private secretary, Sir Edward Hamilton, the usual channel of my communications with him, for many months, when I received a message from the late Sir James Knowles, editor of the *Nineteenth Century* review, asking to see me. What happened at the interview that followed is related in two letters written by me at the time to a political friend:

August 30th, 1883.—At James Street I found many important letters, among others a note from Knowles, asking me to breakfast at Clapham; there he gave me the news. He has seen Mr. Gladstone lately, and is assured he will both stay in office, and, if he can find some way for his pride, restore the National Party in Egypt. It appears they are quite aware the present state of things cannot be made to go on, and Sir Evelyn Baring has been appointed with *carte blanche* to devise a new policy in place of Malet's and Dufferin's, which have proved failures. Baring has written an article in the *Nineteenth Century* on Lord Ripon's policy in India, full of the most Liberal ideas, which will come out in October, and Knowles thinks he will receive me with open arms. So he advises me to be there soon after he arrives, and thinks the Government will be delighted if we can get Arabi returned [at the election for the General Assembly] for Cairo, and other Nationalists for other places.

Sir James had on one or two occasions conveyed to me messages already from Mr. Gladstone, and, in consequence

of this new communication, I agreed to stop at Cairo on my way to India and see how the land lay. A second letter says :

September 8th, 1883.—We have taken our places at Suez, and hope to arrive at Cairo about the 25th, and by that time Malet and Colvin will have gone their way, let us hope for ever; and if there is anything in Knowles's argument, I shall find the field open for me with Baring. At the same time I confess I feel far from sanguine. In the first place, I do not trust Mr. Gladstone as you do. And then I know the difficulties; these will be immense, and without really cordial co-operation from Baring I could do nothing at all that would be any good. . . . Half-an-hour's talk with Baring will probably be enough to show me whether it is worth while my staying in Egypt, or whether I should not rather go on to India. . . . There are still strong influences about the Sultan in favour of Arab independence in Egypt, and, if the English Government chooses, the party could be restored. But it all depends upon the action of our Government.

Three days after this was written, and at the moment of my departure, another communication reached me, this time from Sir Edward Hamilton, also asking to see me. His note was from Downing Street, and I find the following in my diary :

September 12th, 1883.—Spent the day in London. A letter had come from Eddy Hamilton by the morning's post, asking to see me before I went abroad, and I went to Downing Street at one o'clock. Mr. Gladstone is away yachting, and Eddy is acting Prime Minister, and a very great man. I had not been to Downing Street since last year, just upon a year ago, when I went to ask for Arabi's life. Eddy was extremely amiable this time, and asked me what I was going to do in the East. I told him my plans exactly—that I was going first to Egypt, and should call on Baring, and, if I found him favourably disposed, should propose to him a restoration of the National Party, but if he would not listen I should go on to Ceylon and India; that I could not do anything in Egypt without Baring's countenance, for the people would not dare to come to speak to me, but, if Baring would help, I thought I could get the Nationalist leaders elected at the elections; but all depended on the action of our officials. Also, as to India, that I had no intention of inciting to rebellion [this in allusion to attacks recently made on me by the Anglo-Indian Press, and an attempt to induce Lord Ripon to forbid my visit]; that I should go first to Lord Ripon, then to Lyall, and afterwards to the provinces; that the subjects I wished principally to study were the financial condition of the country—that is to say, to find out whether our financial administration was really ruining India, and to ascertain the views of the natives with regard to Home Rule. Of both these plans Eddy seemed to approve, said that Baring would be sure to wish to see me and listen to all I had to say; and, though he did not commit himself to anything very definite about the rest, did not disapprove. I take it, therefore, that Knowles had authority for what he told me a fortnight ago, and that Mr. Gladstone, if not the rest of the Cabinet, really wishes to restore Arabi if he can only find an excuse. . . . With regard to India, Eddy said he would write to Primrose, Lord Ripon's private secretary, to show me all attention; so, on the whole, I am highly satisfied with my visit. . . . We had some talk about Randolph Churchill. He (Hamilton) said that my connection with him in Egyptian affairs did me harm; but I don't believe that, and I look upon Churchill as quite as serious a politician as the rest with whom I have had to deal. . . . He does not affect any high principles, but he acts squarely.

I regret that I cannot give here even an epitome of what my journal has to tell during the month that followed this visit to Downing Street. It is of extreme interest in regard to Egypt, and of the policy which was being pursued there, and I shall publish it some day without reserve. Suffice it to say that I found what was almost a reign of terror going on at Cairo. The civilian leaders of the National Party, no less than the military leaders, had gone their way into exile. Sheikh Mohammed Abdu was in Syria, and the remnant of those who had taken any prominent part in the revolution were living in holes and corners in perpetual fear of arrest. The city was honey-combed with spies. Many patriots were in prison. I myself found in one of the prisons, to which I managed to get entry, amongst other proscribed persons the now well-known Saad Zaglul, Minister to-day of Public Instruction, and Lord Cromer's latest protégé. The following is from a letter I wrote to Sir Edward Hamilton immediately after having seen Lord Cromer :

Cairo, September 28th, 1883.—I promised to write to you, and I will keep my promise, but you must not expect me to say anything pleasant or flattering. I found Baring extremely amiable and willing to listen to all I had to say, and I believe he told me his own views frankly. Our ideas on many reforms wanted in Egypt were the same. His scheme for relieving the debts of the peasantry seemed a sound one, and he struck me generally as being a man of sympathy and courage. But when I have said this I have said all. On the main point of giving

Egypt back her liberty we are worlds apart. He neither wishes it nor has the least idea of attempting it. "What Egypt wants," he told me, "is peace and order, not another revolution. We have restored the Khedive and the Circassians to power, and I shall do my best to keep them there."

With regard to Dufferin's famous charter, I find neither he nor any one else look upon it as in the least serious, or as the least important—and they are right. The elections are not serious, nor were ever intended to be by those who drafted the charter. The electoral lists are drawn up by the Government, the voting takes place under the eye of the Governor and in the Prefecture of Police, and in most instances the Governor or the Prefect of Police are the candidates chosen. It could not have been otherwise. The Circassians have been encouraged to re-establish their rule by a reign of terror. There is no protection of any kind against arbitrary arrest, arbitrary confiscation of property, and imprisonment without trial. The prisons in the country districts are still full of untried men. There is no liberty of speech or of the Press; and at Alexandria they began the elections by hanging two more men charged with instigating the riots of last year. . . . Yet, less than two years ago, there were both freedom of speech and of the Press, elections fairly representative, and the beginning of a real Constitution. It may have been necessary for Imperial or International reasons to destroy this and to revert to a system of "peace and order," as Baring calls it. But it cannot be necessary to talk of having given the Egyptians liberty. . . .

This letter and a second, posted by me at Suez, October 3rd, at the moment of my leaving for Ceylon and India, were sent for submission, as had long been customary between Hamilton and me, to Mr. Gladstone. My second letter placed before him what was in truth the crux of the situation at Cairo—namely, the impossibility of re-establishing native self-government through the weak and unwilling instrumentality of Tewfik, regarded, as he was at that time, by all as a traitor to his country, cruel in his vengeance taken on the Nationalists, and a tool of foreign intervention. I expressed my view that if Mr. Gladstone was in earnest in his desire to restore liberty to Egypt some other prince must be placed on the Khedival throne—for choice Prince Halim, a liberal-minded man, who had also the advantage of being a candidate favoured by the Sultan. This was the only logical course. Sir Edward Hamilton's answer will show that both letters were laid before Mr. Gladstone, and suggests the reason, already alluded to, why my advice was disregarded. Sir Edward writes :

Haddo House, October 21st, 1883.—Your two interesting letters written from Egypt, for which many thanks, have both reached me while I am holiday-making in Scotland, but I have taken steps to secure their being seen by Mr. Gladstone. Your account of affairs in Egypt is, to say the least of it, depressing. I won't make any comments on what you say. I will content myself with being the receptacle of bad news and the conduit-pipe of it to headquarters. I will only say that I can't conceive how it would be possible, without the grossest breach of faith, for the English Government to countenance the ousting of Tewfik, whatever sort of fellow he may be.

This seems to me conclusive of the true reason of Lord Cromer's failure to evacuate. The evidence given by the letters and the other contemporary records of Mr. Gladstone's secret understanding of Egyptian things at the moment of Sir Evelyn Baring's entry upon the Cairo stage as British Resident will serve as a useful corrective of Lord Cromer's official narrative. Its value is not impaired by the fact that Mr. Gladstone employed an indirect method of communicating his wish to me, nor by the further fact that in an odd little mystifying note, quoted by Lord Cromer, he pretended ignorance of the how and why of his private secretary's correspondence with me :

I know not how it is that he (Blunt) writes to Hamilton.

That was Mr. Gladstone's way of doing things; and it must be borne in mind that I was officially at the moment in Coventry at Downing Street. Mr. Gladstone was often at strange shifts during his periods of office between 1880 and 1885 to reconcile his former principles with his present practice, and to run with his own liberty-loving hare while hunting with those conscienceless Whig hounds, his colleagues in the Cabinet. It does not even invalidate my testimony to remember that, when the story of Mr. Gladstone's connection with my visit to Egypt was blurted out unexpectedly by Lord Randolph Churchill in Parliament, Mr. Gladstone affected entire ignorance of the whole affair and even got poor Sir Edward Hamilton to write him a note, which he read to the House of Commons, declaring that his conversation with me on

September 12th in Downing Street had been "wholly exclusive of politics." These little deceptions are too common to count seriously.

But again I have left myself no space for dealing fully with Lord Cromer's version and perversion of things. The Gordon mission must for the present remain undealt with here.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

THE HEART OF GAMBETTA

It is possible that the heart of Gambetta was his most characteristic and most significant organ. Yet there was the nose of Gambetta, a short, eminently Semitic nose which marked the man. There was the eye of Gambetta, a goggled, protuberant eye, which, according to M. Henri Rochefort, who knew him in his youth, became such a disfiguring deformity that it had to be excised, and replaced by a glass substitute. It had helped, together with the other eye, to fix upon Gambetta's features that permanent Levantine leer, robbing the face of dignity, and still lingering on the death mask, the preservation of which we owe to the Republican piety of M. Alphonse Legros. There was the tongue of Gambetta, over which flowed such tides of talk as never were before nor since—interminable streams of gab, converting his poor, ragged, yellow-toothed jaws into veritable Niagara Falls of irresponsible nonsense. Then there was the brain of Gambetta, which, after his death, was found to be of abnormally small weight—weighing little more than, in fact, if as much as, that of an ordinary orang-outang. Still the man was eloquent, physically and mentally active, not wholly bereft of ideals, both moral and political, and though one may laugh at the efforts of the mentally undersized and morally underbred Jackpuddings, the Laurs and the Reinachs, who endeavour to place him upon a pedestal of immortality, to proclaim him as the saviour of France, the genius of modern progress, and the high priest of Democracy, one is obliged to recognise that, his intellectual limitations, his vices, and his vulgarity notwithstanding, he was in several honourable respects superior to many of his followers, certain monied and unmonied rascallions, shifting sheenies, scurrying curs, who, in spite of their internecine squabbles (principally over a division of "graft"), continue to claim him as their common "Master." On the cover of Miss Violette Montagu's translation of M. Francis Laur's book, *The Heart of Gambetta*, the publisher (Mr. John Lane) has had the ingenious idea of stamping in gold a double heart. No symbol could have been more apt. Gambetta was a double-hearted man. This is not what the publisher meant to convey, but so it was.

The double-hearted Gambetta may not have been wilfully insincere. Here was a moral condition which lay beyond the scope of his personal control. He was born, as it were, with a double heart. His double-heartedness was a consequence of his descent from two equally strenuous and self-assertive races. On the father's side he was a Jew of Genoese origin, on the mother's side he came of that energetic, voluble, calculating stock peculiar to the town of Cahors, his birthplace, which in the Middle Ages produced the "Cahorsins," the usurers who took the place of the Jews in England after their expulsion by Edward the First—a Meridional race, harder-headed if no less talkative than the Marseillaise, with a strong strain of Latin blood in their veins, and an ancient Semitic streak as well, which might have been initially Arab or even Phœnician. There could not have been much of the Frank, or the Gaul, or the Celt about Gambetta. His consciousness of this fact is visible in the persistence with which he called his disciples to witness that he was a Frenchman, and the most patriotic of Frenchmen. He was ever on his guard against a suspicion—which, during his lifetime at any rate, his bitterest enemies never raised—that he might be mistaken for a foreigner.

The anti-Semitic movement had no spokesmen in France

at that time, if exception be made of Albert Regnard, whose popular influence was insignificant. Gambetta, moreover, was a professed Freethinker, and not a practising Jew. Yet he himself gives in these letters to his mistress an accurate and highly significant description of his dual-heartedness. "Dear, adored wife," he writes from Genoa, on February 15th, 1882, "what memories, and yet what poignant regrets, I feel in this spot! Here I walked with thee, adored, embraced thee, and thou art absent, and I feel too lonely in this great marble city, which always seems to me like my cradle. I breathe more freely here than elsewhere, and I feel myself quite at home; its history comes back to me like a tradition of my own family Though a true Frenchman, I feel a hereditary regret to behold once more all the great witnesses of the fortunes of the proud Genoese Republic;" and then, of course, comes the characteristic rhetorical caper without which Gambetta would have been false to his name, the peddling *réclame* of his own political wares—"a Republic where strength and dignity walked hand-in-hand with the liberty of the people," which, needless to add, is not true.

That as a statesman Gambetta, as far as his nature would allow, was honest may be conceded; but the letters to his mistress which M. Francis Laur has published show how dangerously situated are nations that confide their destinies to double-hearted men. The Dictator that Gambetta had become, in consequence of the dementia of a people "knocked silly" by disastrous war and political upheaval and intoxicated by flaming words, did not hesitate to enter into secret negotiations with Bismarck, whom he called the "Monster," a nickname the superficiality of which alone earmarks its inventor, and with Pope Leo XIII., in spite of the war-cry which he himself had raised of "*Le Cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi*." The disciples of Gambetta, who never since his death have ceased to squabble among themselves, are in disagreement as to whether it should be admitted that he actually had a secret interview with Bismarck or not. Herbert Bismarck denied it; but that Gambetta should have invented the whole story—though quite possible—seems to be the least creditable solution of the problem.

These are the two political revelations—the Bismarck interview and the visit to the Vatican—in Gambetta's letters to Léonie Léon which give historical value to the correspondence and justify its publication. Nothing else does. Outside of this, *The Heart of Gambetta* is a sorry tale of illicit love, ending in tragedy, which the comments of M. Francis Laur are unable to relieve, though written in a style pretentious to the point of burlesqueness. M. Laur has no sense of humour, for which one may occasionally be grateful, since, owing to this deficiency, such exquisite but highly characteristic touches as the following are allowed to pass. M. Laur is describing Gambetta's early *rendezvous* with his mistress:—

This time she is first at the place of meeting. Her tall, elegant figure throws a harmonious shadow on the mass of greenery rapidly fading at the approach of autumn.

The great man arrives at last with hurried steps, a rather untidy bouquet in his hands. He gathered it himself as he came through the gardens of the Petit Trianon, for he knows the gardener.

"Here are some flowers to beg your forgiveness."

In the at first sight insignificant-seeming detail—"he knew the gardener"—we have the germ of that Opportunist policy with which Gambetta's name as a statesman is primarily identified. It is to the Opportunism, invented by Gambetta, that so many of the crises and scandals from which France has suffered during the thirty years are directly traceable. The Panamists, too, "knew the gardener."

The last chapter of the tragedy of Gambetta is fruitful of a stern moral lesson, which M. Francis Laur fails apparently to perceive. Gambetta's *inconscience*, his innate Bohemianism, blinded him to the fact that the illicit relations in which he openly lived with Léonie Léon were looked on with disapproval by French society, which in those days was not a whit less strait-laced than it is to-day, and, if anything, rather more so. The poor woman herself was fully conscious of the fact. The scandal was such that

when "the Great Tribune" died, literally from over-eating, the common people of the neighbourhood immediately spread about a legend, evidently untrue, but which has persisted to this day, that his mistress had shot him in a fit of jealousy.

The end, when it came, was, M. Laur's lyrics notwithstanding, miserable enough. How little could Gambetta have suspected as he lay on his deathbed that the name of Reinach would become as illustrious in the annals of criminality as that of Cartouche, that his own biographer, M. Laur, would be cuffed out of politics in the midst of the Chamber by another eminent Gambettist, M. Constans, who in his turn was to be the malleus of the Boulangists, a party which grew out of Gambettism, and to which, notwithstanding Mr. Macdonald's statement to the contrary in the Preface of this book, M. Laur certainly belonged until he finally abandoned politics for business. Nor, it is to be hoped, could the Republican leader have foreseen, in that supreme moment, the abandonment of his then youthful henchman Delcassé, in obedience to a mere gesture on the part of Germany, or the collapse of his old friend Spuller's effort to reconcile Church with State on the principles of an *esprit nouveau*. Yet to a statesman with half of his experience and insight it must have been obvious that the politicians he was leaving behind him were ill-equipped for the realisation of his brilliant schemes. The unhappy woman who had shared his last moments slinks guiltily from the house as soon as death enters it. Her tragedy, drawn out for another twenty-four years, is not less melancholy than his.

ROWLAND STRONG.

HAPPINESS AND HORROR

I SUPPOSE there are still many persons left who labour under the delusion that the age in which we live is the most wonderful, the most splendid, the most happy, and the most civilised age that ever has been since the foundation of the world.

Of course, seventy or eighty years ago, any one who had ventured to doubt this proposition would have been thought quite mad. Macaulay's work is permeated by the assumption that the whole history of the ages had been but a long and tiresome though necessary preparation for the First Reform Bill and the triumph of Whiggery in all the departments of life. To begin with the Church: the martyrs had died, we are to presume, that the Church of England, freed from the errors and enthusiasms of Papists and Methodists, might be a moderate and useful branch of the Civil Service. All the architects of the world had painfully toiled at such fantastic trifles as the Parthenon, the Pyramids, Cologne Cathedral, and Westminster Abbey that we, the heirs of all the ages, might have the privilege of gazing at the supreme beauties of Gower Street. The feudal system was a hideous mass of terror and cruelty: we had supplanted it by the factory system, and under that happy régime the whole of England was being rapidly turned into a gigantic ashpit and coal-hole.

One need not go on with the list: everything, in the estimation of Macaulay and the early Victorians, was infinitely better than it had ever been before, and all antiquity—for to Macaulay Greek Philosophy was as foolish as the Scholasticism of the Middle Ages—was in darkness and we were in light. As far as I remember, the one test by which the nineteenth century triumphed over all other ages was its astounding fertility in mechanical invention: on one side Macaulay marshals all art, all architecture, all poetry, all philosophy; and then triumphantly proves that the nineteenth century alone had made the steam-engine—*ergo*, that the nineteenth century alone is truly civilised! It is, indeed, astounding that any one can ever have talked such outrageous nonsense; it is extraordinary how any one out of a lunatic asylum could have believed that the factory system in crafts, the Civil Service Church in religion, the invention of devices

to make men's lives more comfortable and convenient, the absence of all poetry and all imagination from every place and every region of humanity constituted the ideal world for a human being to dwell in.

Of course, such a line of argument would be quite easy to understand if the speaker were not a man, but the Learned Pig.

"What I want," the Learned Pig might very properly say, "is a world in which my sty is warm and comfortable, well sheltered by improved appliances from rain and east wind. All the mountains must, of course, be levelled, the woods (beech woods excepted) must be grubbed up, and cathedrals and all that sort of thing must be cleared right away—because my end and aim in life is WASH; and all the earth is required to grow me meal, cabbages, and potatoes. I do not want Fine Art, or Poetry, or Religion, or Fine Talk of any description: kindly leave off wasting your time in such nonsense and devote your talents to inventing me a new mechanical washtub, with a patent arrangement by which I may suck Wash when I am asleep. When you have done this, it will be the Golden Age."

Now all this would be quite sound sense in the mouth of a Pig: because, as a matter of fact, a Pig's aim in life is to secure as much wash as possible; and the Pig who gets the most wash is the best Pig, the Ideal Pig. Men, however, are not Pigs. Their being, their aims are, in reality, entirely different, and we must not be tempted to confuse those two excellent but quite distinct creatures because they possess certain things, such as stomachs, in common. It seems to me that the whole of modern civilisation, in its amiable as well as its unamiable aspects, is vitiated by this one false premiss—that Man on the whole equals Pig, and that if you see to his material comforts, his bodily ease, he will be quite happy. Conservatives, Liberals, and Socialists are all alike involved in this one error; behind all their widely divergent arguments lies the wholly false proposition that Physical Comfort will bring about happiness, that Physical Comfort is happiness.

In spite of all our experience since the days of Macaulay, we have not yet got this nonsense out of our heads. It was only the other day that I read in a daily paper that in a year or two happiness all round was bound to come—bound to come with a rush on the wings of flying machines, in the intestines of turbine engines and reciprocating machinery. As one meets this rubbish in popular journalism, I suppose that the populace still clings to the gospel of Macaulay, to the theory which flings all philosophy and all art and all religion on one side as irrelevant, because philosophy and art and religion have no "fruit"—in other words, do not lead to the invention of machinery. But the newspaper on one side; I think that one comes across this notion of modern superiority in quarters very remote from popular journalism. It is my business occasionally to look through books of modern theology, and I find in almost all of them the suppressed premiss that "modern thought," or the "modern mind," is somehow or other vastly superior to the ancient mind, or the mediæval mind. So far as I can remember, this premiss is usually, at all events, a suppressed one—it is something to be taken for granted—and again and again I have wondered why it should be taken for granted, I have desired, all in vain, to see the conclusion of our superiority argued and demonstrated. I suppose, however, that the divines are really moved by much the same reasons as Macaulay and the newspaper writers. They know that we can get to Manchester about five times as fast as was possible a hundred years ago; *ergo* we are five times happier and better and wiser than our great-grandfathers—to say nothing of our remoter ancestors, who may have taken weeks on the journey. I admit the fact of this higher speed of travelling, but I deny the minor. I say that the length of time in which it is possible to get to the cotton-factories from London is not of the smallest consideration in estimating the sum of human happiness, and I think that if the cost of this rapid transit were fairly accounted for and reckoned up we

should find that we were paying for our corridor express train a most hideous sum, with interest calculated at the rate of about ten thousand per cent. per diem. For, you see, the fact is that Manchester—as modern conditions have made it—is not worth going to at all; on the contrary, any man not a maniac would pay heavily to be transported to some region where Manchester and places like Manchester were impossible, unheard of, and wholly out of the question.

But now there comes the rather important point as to what does constitute happiness—that is, real civilisation. Churchmen can have no difficulty here, for Churchmen cannot deny that all the aims of “modern civilisation”—the real aims, not the sometimes loudly-expressed aims—are, from the point of view of Christianity, entirely and utterly damnable. For the real aims of our day are entirely directed towards the increase of bodily comfort, convenience, and pleasure, towards the increase and improvement of all material goods. It is, of course, demonstrable that the first Christians were exhorted to take no thought at all for any such matters, to purge their souls utterly of the notion that happiness of any sort or kind is obtainable through physical or material channels. It is clear, beyond contradiction, that the first Christians were taught a gospel which is in direct contradiction to all the common precepts of the present time. They were to take example by the lilies, to avoid saving money, to disregard, and indeed shudder at, material wealth, and never to bother about their material prospects in the future. I know that there is a party calling itself Christian which, somehow or other, escapes this conclusion as to the unimportance, or rather nullity, of material comforts in the Christian system. I have listened to a lecture which made the *Magnificat* into a sort of Socialist Programme. Frankly, I cannot understand this point of view; I see no room for it on any reading of the early Christian documents. The rich are denounced in these, certainly; but there is no word said in favour of moderate prosperity all round as the way of happiness. Park Lane is dangerous to the soul, doubtless; but there is nothing to show that salvation dwells in Peckham.

But this is a side-issue. What I have to prove is that man is *not* the Learned Pig, and that measures which would ensure the happiness of the latter will not at all advance the happiness of the former. Well, I have mentioned Socialism; I have declared my disagreement with its positive statement that the equalisation of wealth would make us all much happier. Now I want to declare my adhesion to its negative statement, its declaration that in modern civilisation, so-called, there is not merely a lack of happiness, but a great and ever-increasing horror, misery, ugliness, and degradation. I call the Socialists into the witness-box especially because I am not on their side, because they are under no suspicion of being the praisers of the bygone time, the friends of Toryism, or Religionism, or Reaction (as it is called) of any kind. If I said I once knew a country parson and a Tory squire who thought the whole modern system of things rotten and abominable, the witnesses might be suspected. But one cannot say that such men as Shaw and Wells and the rest of them are either parsons, squires, or under the thumb of either parson or squire; and so, with all confidence, I cite their opinions as to the machinery and conditions of modern life. It is Mr. Wells, I believe, who pictures humanity in modern times under the figure of a man struggling in a hideous swamp, and, with his very efforts to escape, sinking deeper and deeper into the foul, abhorred slime. And this is the result of our “civilisation”—that is, of our theory that man is the Learned Pig, that the more machines you give him the happier he will be. In a word, the Socialist conclusion is in direct contradiction to the Macaulay and daily paper conclusion, which is, briefly, the more machines the more happiness.

And one does not need to take any man's word for the misery and horror and hideousness of our time. It is not necessary to go to Mr. Wells; we can look for ourselves.

We can go to Manchester direct and see what it is like, and wonder that human beings have allowed themselves to be brought to such a pass. I do not know how many square miles of abomination and horror that city contains; but when I think of it its existence seems incredible to me. We used to take all this sort of thing for granted, of course, in the Victorian days; we were proud of our great industrial centres; we reckoned them a mark of civilisation, and a country such as Spain, which does not possess industrial centres, or possesses very few of them, we called uncivilised, retrograde, unhappy. I have never seen a bull-fight—it is a cruel sport, doubtless—but I have no hesitation in declaring that the Spanish peasant in his poor hut, with his Sunday Mass, and his crust of bread, and draught of wine that owes nothing to the chemist, is very much nearer to true civilisation than a cotton-spinner or steel-worker in Manchester or Sheffield; and of the latter one does not know that there is much to choose between the fate of the master or of the man. We have accepted all those miles of horrors, we have been pleased with the infinite sub-division of labour in our factories, and we see the result—the modern manufacturing town, which is hideous, its suburbs which are more hideous still, and its industrial slave population which is most hideous of all, since by the very conditions of its existence, by the fact of its daily mechanical work, without interest, without invention, without the trace of art, without a drop of the most joyful cup of creation, it is fast losing the resemblance of humanity, it is fast parting with the *differentia* which distinguishes a man from a beaver or a bee. I do not insist on the fact that while wealth abounds in a few hands most of the workers are poor, and some are wretched; that, as a manufacturer's wife has observed, the better the iron-trade, the more miserable the people seem to become. This is to be noted: that a scheme of things which has for its only excuse the production of money and material comfort has in practice worked out as a scheme which deprives the greater number of money and plunges them into the acutest material discomfort. That is amusing enough, but it is not my chief point, because, as I have said, I think happiness is a state which exists independently of material things. Probably—certainly—there have been many happy men much poorer than Lancashire or Yorkshire millhands ever have been, just as there are millionaires more wretched than the wretchedest slave in all the Black Country. Here is a chief part of the whole squalid tragedy; the poor fellows who turn themselves into machines for ten or twelve hours every day doubtless imagine that if they could get more money they would be happy. This, I say, is the tragedy, since we know that they would be not in the least happy if each man had a thousand a year. What is the good of presenting the purple-nosed drunkard at the corner public-house with the key of a cellar well stocked with the purest vintages of Bordeaux? Suppose that he once possessed a palate, many years of the chemical drench called four-ale and the poisonous corn-spirit called whisky have ruined that palate for ever; to him the noblest magnum of Lafite were but sour wash. I will not say that no man can turn himself into an unintelligent machine and be happy; I do say that there is not one man in ten thousand who can accomplish this feat. There is, of course, the point of view which makes happiness consist in doing what one likes; but this position was confuted a long time ago by Socrates. He pointed out that if the fulfilment of desire, *quâ* desire, constituted bliss, then the man with the itch was ideally happy, since he desired to scratch himself, and did so—all day long.

So far as I remember, Oscar Wilde, in his *De Profundis*, deplored the evils of the Renaissance—the ugliness to which it inevitably led. Candidly, I agree with him. I think that the Renaissance had in it all the seeds of death; that in spite of its infinite technical perfection, its wonderful knowledge of anatomy, its musical skill, its sense of beauty in colour, its rapture over the Classics raised like young men that had been dead from the tomb, its delight (in England, at all events) in its discovery that the vulgar tongue was in itself an exquisite instrument of prose and

poetry, its sense of release as from a long, dark imprisonment, its wonder over the new world beyond the seas, its dreams of strange things, yet to be made known—in spite of all these things, in the heart of the Renaissance lurked the architecture of Gower Street and Camden Town, the "poetry" of Pope and of Pope's indifferent imitators, the life that Smollett and Hogarth have illustrated, the worse life that followed, the music of Stainer and Barnby, the painting—of many worthy persons. It is odd enough; but the Renaissance, starting out, no doubt, with an immense sense of escape and liberty, with the exultation of one who has freed himself from weary loads, with a determination to be original, ended, in most of the arts, as a servile tenth-rate ape of antique models, wearying the world with imitations of architecture of which the world was weary in the sixth century, tiring the reader with stuff about nymphs and shepherds which was third or fourth hand when Virgil and Horace made use of it. *Credite posteri* says Horace, with reference to some preposterous statement of his concerning fauns or satyrs; and we know that posterity has never believed in those fauns, and that Horace himself, if he had really thought that he saw a faun or a satyr would have gone on the voyage to Anticyra—where they sent lunatics. And yet that brave, original, daring Renaissance brought back these weary, worn-out "stock" nymphs and fauns and shepherds into literature, and if one wanders in desolate northern quarters of London one may see the influence of the Parthenon brooding, a shabby stucco ghost, over horrible little semi-detached villas. Well, the end of the Renaissance was death, as I say, in most of the arts at all events; and yet we must confess that at the beginning of the putrefaction, and for many years after it had begun, the hues were very splendid. The *châteaux* of Touraine, the dome of St. Paul's, the work of Shakespeare—these are not things to be despised.

I think that here is the distinction between the Renaissance and that illegitimate child of the Renaissance—modern civilisation, properly so-called. Not only are the ends bad, but the means are bad; not only is there hell at the bottom of the descent, but the descent itself is by steps of pit-refuse and burning marl. Perhaps the Renaissance people were excessive in their joy over the rediscovery of the Greek classics; but at all events the "Odyssey" is something and somewhat: it is not mere blatant nonsense, as are the modern discoveries that all men are born free and equal; that government should be by the people, through the people, for the people; that commercial prosperity leads to happiness; that adulteration is a form of competition; that the drink traffic is a great evil; that factory-chimneys are better than cathedral spires; that unlimited education is a pure boon and blessing to everybody. It is one thing to worship false gods or even devils—deplorable practices both, I am sure—but if we must serve demons, at least let us do so in a reasonably artistic temple, not in such a piece of tomfoolery as the Tabernacle in the Tottenham Court Road.

But we have chosen to worship our false gods in squalid temples indeed; witness America, which, I take it, is the most acute epitome of all modern ideals and methods. I need not reiterate "The United States of Gehenna;" it is enough to say that the Judges are elected by the people; and the "justice" of the United States stinks to heaven. In America all men are equal before the law; and the rich man can commit any crime with impunity, while the poor man is killed, with hideous tortures, by the most modern electric apparatus. The Government is for the people, by the people—and the rest of this ugly gibberish—and never since the beginning of the world, I suppose, has a people been so shamelessly and abominably robbed by its rulers, never has the whole machinery of government been so openly prostituted to the most disgraceful and wicked ends. Our House of Lords is an absurd anachronism, I believe, according to modern views; but, at all events, it is not in the grip of the Oil Trust. Bishops in the House of Lords are, of course, specially ridiculous; but whatever their failings, they do not employ the

sheriffs and law-courts to sell men into dreadful slavery. And there is the completest religious liberty, certainly, and with results that might make Bedlam envious, and Colney Hatch strive in vain in the endeavour to produce something still more maniacal in the way of so-called religion. I think a system called New Thought is the latest result of American liberty. It is a religion entirely suited to the parent soil: it does not promise the joys of Paradise, but I believe it guarantees a handsome income, if the directions are faithfully carried out. America, then, is the representative of modern civilisation in its purest form; but America is only a very violent example of what our modern civilisation brings about. We ourselves in England are a little better; but how have we fallen from what we once were! Go to an old farmhouse in the country: you will see a dwelling-place which had no more important designer than the local mason, which is yet altogether lovely and pleasant, and suited to its purpose. Inside there may be oak chests which the village carpenter made; and to have such a house and such chests now we must employ an artist who will design for us copies of them more or less good as the case may be. And the tavern hard by will, likely enough, have a sign swinging from curiously scrolled ironwork—the art of the blacksmith over the way; to get such work now it would be necessary to go to an Art Guild, which would make a copy of sorts. And go into some of the old churches, and if you are fortunate you will see carved angels about the roofs, and grinning monsters and strange fantasies; and then you can think of the workmen who made these things and compare them with the workmen of our days—compare their lives, compare their thoughts.

Or perhaps this is too high-flown. Well; think of what we eat and drink in this "advanced" age, in this age of material progress, with its everlasting "gas" about sanitation, its fine contempt for the dirty old times. How many children are poisoned every year with filthy milk? How much nauseous muck have we swallowed with our beer—under the pleasing style of "substitutes"? It is hard indeed that Man in modern times, having made up his mind that he is a Pig, and having acted accordingly, should be poisoned in his wash, should be given unmentionable filth instead of his legitimate tub of potatoes and cabbage. It is not without amusement that I think of an age which, having scoffed at the bread of angels, cannot get an unadulterated cottage loaf, which, having refused the wine of Heaven, can scarcely obtain a decent glass of common beer for love or money.

And we cannot even contrive to be robbed with decency. I should think Robin Hood was a horrible nuisance. It must be quite unpleasant to be captured by a Sicilian brigand. But Robin did not pose as the benefactor of the people whom he despoiled, and the brigands, when they relieve you of your gold watch, do not say that they are promoting your commercial prosperity or developing your natural resources. Robin was a scoundrel I am sure, but he was not a company promoter. And real happiness, the real *moyen de parvenir*? Well; there was once a Frenchman who uttered a remarkable aphorism: "The philosopher, the good man, and the saint are all happy, but the saint is by far the happiest, so much is man made for sanctity."

ARTHUR MACHEN.

"THE LIMIT"

"FOR poetry is nothing if not perfect," remarks Virgil to his faithful servant Eros, in Mr. T. H. Warren's "The Death of Virgil" (Murray), and I can cordially say that I wish this were strictly true. If poetry that is not perfect were nothing, Mr. Warren's "Death of Virgil" would have no existence, for it is about the very worst poetry I have ever had the misfortune to read. Mr. Gladstone wrote some pretty bad verse in his time, and Lord Cromer has done his share, but Mr. Warren easily beats them both. The poem

is in dramatic form, and the greater part of it is made up of interminable soliloquies on the part of Virgil, out of whose mouth Mr. Warren has caused to proceed a torrent of dreary platitudes, couched in a quite remarkably unmelodious and halting blank verse. If Mr. Warren were merely an unknown young gentleman who had been rash enough to make the too common mistake of allowing his ambition to outrun his prudence by publishing a volume of verse, it would neither be necessary nor kind to do more than to say very briefly that his verse was very poor, and to advise him to abandon any effort to do that for which he was obviously unfitted. But Mr. Warren is President of Magdalen College, and is at present Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Thus what would be merely a harmless error of judgment in the case of an unknown man becomes in his case a very serious lapse from that reserve and dignity which should distinguish his high position. It is not merely that Mr. Warren's verse is bad in the sense of being dull and uninspired; if that were all it might well be passed over in silence. Mr. Warren is a distinguished classical scholar, and many such scholars have written bad verses which were yet characterised by correct versification and at least some elementary knowledge of the technique of the very difficult art of poetry. But Mr. Warren's lines, in addition to being dull and uninspired, are absolutely faulty and false. The poem is supposed to be written in decasyllabic lines, yet over and over again he follows up a passage of ten-syllabled lines by an eleven, twelve, or fourteen syllabled one, the effect being exactly that of a child painfully playing a passage on the piano and suddenly coming down on an F natural when it should have played an F sharp. To quote examples:

When the fierce sun bred thick in air and soil,
Those seeds of lower life that slay the higher,
To batten on its grave, and flourish most
'Mid such "corpse cities," as he aptly called them—
Nay, was it his friend, Sulpicius, or himself?
The grand old Orator, lord of epithet.

The italics are mine. The last line is a syllable too long.
Here is a line:

I hope I shall not outlive all my friends,
where, in order to make the line scan, the reader has to put the accent on the first syllable of outlive—thus: *outlive*—producing a very clumsy effect.

Here again:

And once it happened in the theatre,
I had stepped in quietly, and, as I deemed, unnoticed.

The second line is no less than four syllables too long, recalling the delicious parody of a prize poem which appeared a great many years ago in the *Oxford Magazine*. The subject was Belisarius, and one of the most comical features of the poem was the way in which, every now and then, one of the lines seemed to get altogether out of hand and run away. I remember one couplet:

And thus affairs were brought into a state precarious,
As well as most annoying to a proud man like Belisarius.

Here is another example from Mr. Warren:

Rounding their edges like the mother-bear,
That licks her lumpish whelp to shapeliness;
Manipulating name and theme intractable.

The last line is a perfect Alexandrine. I am aware, of course, that Milton, in that superb passage in "At a Solemn Music," has a sequence of eleven decasyllabics, followed by one Alexandrine:

That we on earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise.

To his celestial concert us unite,
To live with him and sing in endless morn of light.

But there the Alexandrine is the last line of the poem, and the effect is as grand as it is deliberate and artful; in Mr. Warren's case the Alexandrine is sandwiched in between two ten-syllabled lines, and, quite obviously, owes its existence not to any desire to obtain a deliberate effect, but simply to Mr. Warren's defective ear for rhythm. To turn from defects in metre, of which I could multiply

examples almost indefinitely, does Mr. Warren seriously think he is writing poetry when he stains fair white paper with this sort of thing?—

The one-sixth to the generous Mæcenæ,
The residue of Varius and Tucca,
With all my writings published and unpublished
To be dealt with according to instructions.

The passage, on account of the infinite bathos of the fourth line, surely gains a right to a place in Mr. Robert Ross's contemplated anthology, "A Thousand and One Gems of Bad Poetry." Here is a couplet worthy of notice:

Parodies out-Catullusing Catullus,
Abuse without the excuse of personal passion.

The accidental rhyme in the second line has a singular inelegance.

When "the Apothecary" in Mr. Warren's poem suddenly appears at the moment of Virgil's death, he remarks:

I fear me 'tis no faint; it is the end.

My opinion is that for the President of Magdalen and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford to give publicity to a volume of verse which would disgrace a fourth-form school-boy is, as our American friends would say, "the limit."

A. D.

IRISH PICTURES

MANY are the painters with Irish names—"Irish by birth or descent," as a Guildhall catalogue once said; but genuine Irish painters, artists who have been trained in Ireland, live, work and exhibit in Ireland—and sell, of course, in America—these are, indeed, hard to find. After some searching, I can think of scarce half a dozen qualified to come into this second category. There is Mr. Nathaniel Hone, the veteran landscape painter, but his noble view of Nature attains to universality, and though Ireland should be proud to possess so distinguished a painter, it would be extravagant to detect a national or racial characteristic in his canvases. Less accomplished technically, Mr. George Russell—better known in England, perhaps, as the poet "A. E."—reveals more of the Celtic spirit in his sensitive, imaginative idylls. A painter of visions and dreams, of fairies, and the "good people," Mr. Russell, a modern Blake, is an interpreter of the ideals and aspirations, rather than of the life and aspects of his country. Of the few Irish painters who set out to depict their own time and country, it will generally be conceded that the two most interesting are Mr. Dermot O'Brien and Mr. Jack B. Yeats. The work of the former may be seen occasionally at exhibitions of the New English Art Club; the latter is at the time of writing showing a collection of his "Pictures of Life in the West of Ireland" at the Walker Gallery in New Bond Street.

At once more realistic in his aims than Mr. Russell, and more consciously decorative in his methods, Mr. Yeats shares with his brother Irishman a naïveté of outlook and simplicity of means which may be styled appropriate to, if not actually characteristic of, the rising national art of Ireland. And this very directness, this straightforward way of going, as it were, to the heart of the whole to be expressed, instead of labouring in a pettifoggish spirit with minor details of expression, is artistically to be counted unto Mr. Yeats for righteousness; though in the sight of the pedant it renders his work unequal, and often faulty. But pedants are apt to forget that "uncertainty in the delineation of form" does not necessarily imply impotence in the expression of life, and there are many draughtsmen academically more correct than Mr. Yeats who might envy him his power of suggesting action and movement. How many artists are there who could give us the same tumultuous whirl of life and movement with the pure economy of Mr. Yeats's "Catching a Run-away"? This power of suggesting movement and a remarkable insight into character seem to me the salient features of Mr. Yeats's art, and when they are combined, as in the little picture of "The Circus Clown," they

result in a work of sterling worth, which lacks nothing for completeness. It is this insight into character, pathetic in the case of the clown, which, pushed further into humorous extravagance, reveals Mr. Yeats as a caricaturist of surprising powers. It is possibly in this department that he will eventually attain his highest distinction, and for sheer masterliness there is nothing in this collection so unassailable technically and so irresistible in its appeal as the pungent satire on the Saxon entitled "Beer." In this little drawing of a typical London bar and its frequenters the essential sordidness of English low-life is expressed with the wit as well as the broad flowing freedom of a Rowlandson. It would be easy to multiply examples of Mr. Yeats's ability in other directions, of his skill in giving the aspect of a crowd, of his talent for composing his subjects into decorative designs; but these partake of the body of his art, and, as it has already been indicated, it is the spirit which renders this art most precious, an art which may unhesitatingly be termed Irish, an art which in these modest beginnings is still worth watching and cultivating.

FRANK RUTTER.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Children's Children. By GERTRUDE BONE. With Drawings by MUIRHEAD BONE. (Duckworth and Co., 6s. net and 25s. net.)

IN studying the pleasant drawings by Mr. Muirhead Bone which illustrate Mrs. Bone's pastoral tragedy, "Children's Children," we are carried back fifty years to the days of Millais and Houghton as book-illustrators. The book contains some sixty odd drawings, landscape and figure studies, all conceived in the sentiment characteristic of the early magazine illustrators. All are happy in choice and full of a country atmosphere. Some of the drawings of children show Mr. Bone's intimate knowledge of child form and give a vivid suggestion of movement—qualities which would have delighted the author of "Rab and his Friends." One especially pleasing study, in which repose is depicted in every limb, is that of a sleeping child, lying with his hands tucked under his chin and his head sunk in a cushion. Full of action is the picture of the same small boy following the crawling baby to the cottage door. These two studies have been as evidently drawn from the model, as have the scaffoldings with which we must always associate Mr. Muirhead Bone's name. Both show the same intimate knowledge of subject.

The landscapes also contain the same atmosphere of quiet country life. Although they are confined to the smaller drawings, being often merely headings to chapters, a feeling of distance is suggested by a few inches of meadow stretching away to some far-off cottage or steeple. One specially successful chapter-heading depicts a village inn, the sign-post flapping in the wind, the docile cart-horse awaiting the pleasure of the labourer refreshing himself within.

A cottage interior, with the company assembled round the open fire, suggests Rembrandt in treatment, while many of the studies of peasants in the fields carry our thoughts direct to the work of Millet. The book closes with one of its happiest illustrations—a full-page drawing of the lonely old hero of the tale seated at the fireside with his dog as sole companion. Into this we read more than the able modelling of old age—there is an unmistakable impression of abject loneliness and sorrow.

And yet, full of the charm of sentiment and the atmosphere of village life as these illustrations are, there is, perhaps, in them less sincerity and individuality than in many of Mr. Bone's unequalled pencil-drawings. We feel that it is into his drawings of the scaffoldings of our vast interiors and of the exteriors of our London streets that he has wrought the real strength of his art.

Mrs. Bone's story has been reserved for separate notice.

A Family Chronicle. Derived from Notes and Letters selected by BARBARINA, THE HON. LADY GREY. Edited by GERTRUDE Lyster. (Murray, 12s. net.) PRIVATE family records tend to remind one of that delightful verse:

"Oh skip your dear uncle," the bellman exclaimed,
As he angrily tingled his bell,

though there is sometimes good reason for presenting such archives to the public, in the family's intimacy and correspondence with men and women of fame. To a limited extent there is some justification for the editor of this volume, which contains references to many well-known people, and letters from Lady Dacre, Miss Mitford, Fanny Kemble, Sydney Smith, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and others. But they are mostly of slight importance, nor can the general reader find any connected interest in the book, which is much too discursive. It belongs to the class of work that might very well have been privately printed for the edification of the family. For example, two chapters are taken up with journals in which occur such entries as:

Jan. 25, 1844. Papa and Uncle Will come to town for Aunt Balfour's funeral. They and Mr. Whitbread dined here, and very snug we were.

Nov. 2, 1844. Granny and grandpapa went to town.

History of Mediæval Civilisation, and of Modern to the End of the Seventeenth Century. By CHARLES SEIGNOBOS, Doctor of Letters of the University Par. (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 5s. net.)

THIS is simply a class-book of sketchy paragraphs marked with headlines, and gives the idea of lectures to novices expanded from notes, a procession of bald facts baldly stated. The range of the book is far beyond its limited compass. There is no real grasp of the development of civilisation, but an amazing inability to appreciate the culture of older countries. Criticisms on art and literature are absolutely crude. Two paragraphs are given to the Anglo-Saxons, in which we read that:

Beowulf is the only Saxon poem that remains to us.

In a very short chapter on the Renaissance we are informed that:

The painter did not seek to give an air of holiness to the faces.

Music is dismissed in two pages. A few more are devoted to architecture, and we are told that:

No Gothic church has ever been finished. They (*sic!*) lack towers, spires. . . .

Was Gothic building also suppressed? For later we read that:

The Reformation suppressed the clergy, Pope, Bishops, priests, and monks.

In a paragraph headed "Progress of the Sciences" we learn:—

There were invented in Holland two kinds of instruments, which greatly increased the field of observation: the microscope (1590) showed objects too small, the telescope (1609) objects too far away to be seen with the naked eye.

We do not pretend to know for what class of reader this sort of "primer" has been written. But we now better understand the American prig-child's version of an old rhyme:—

Twinkle, twinkle little star,
I don't wonder what you are,
For I know so much, you see,
More of you than you of me.

FICTION

The Nun. By RENÉ BAZIN. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

M. RENÉ BAZIN, whose former novels have dealt largely with the lighter and more idyllic side of peasant life in France, has given us, in "The Nun," a tragic picture of the social demoralisation which has followed as an almost inevitable consequence from the suppression of the religious houses. His heroine, Pascale Mouvand, is a girl of an ardent and imaginative temperament, with infinite

capacities for happiness. A little afraid of life, however, she decides, after consideration, to enter a convent. Here, surrounded by stronger and austerer spirits than herself, the devotional side of her nature finds free expression, and the years go by in peaceful calm, broken only by the small duties incidental to convent life. At length the Government intervenes, and the small community of Sisters is turned adrift to fare as best it may. Pascale, cast suddenly upon the world, finds herself surrounded with temptations. Ultimately she succumbs, and, drifting by pure force of circumstance from bad to worse, we find her at last the unwilling agent of a brutalised *souleneur*. The book closes with her murder. She has offered herself as a voluntary victim to the man she hates.

There is, perhaps, a touch of melodrama about the concluding pages, but the story is powerfully told, and with a fine artistic restraint that is more convincing than whole chapters of flamboyant rhetoric. M. Bazin is no mere pamphleteer, and it may be assumed that his object in writing "The Nun" was primarily to produce an artistic work of fiction. Nevertheless, the book is worth reading as an indication of the trend of modern democracy in France.

Come and Find Me. By ELIZABETH ROBINS. (Heinemann, 6s.)

MISS ROBINS has made a name for herself by her indubitable cleverness; but with more than cleverness she is not endowed. She never penetrates below the surface of men or things; of the surface, however, she writes with sufficient vividness to hold the attention of the reader throughout the length of her stories. Though her characters are machine-made rather than alive, the machine is of the latest pattern, and is manipulated with great dexterity. "Come and Find Me," like "The Magnetic North," is a story of the ice-bound regions. Long before the rush of gold-seekers to Alaska, Nathaniel Mar had discovered gold in those regions. But he lost the nugget and the dust which would have helped to prove his statement, and no one would put any trust in his tale. So he married and settled in a bank—the Palmas Valley Bank of Valdivia. He is married when the story opens, and he tells the son of his friend Galbraith, whom he has adopted, the story of his adventure—to keep him good while he is sitting on the stool of penitence. His story is one of the most exciting episodes in the book. But thereafter comes a protracted account of the Mars' life in Valdivia, which is not of great interest. Indeed, until Hildegard, Mar's daughter, starts for the Pole to fetch her father, who, though quite an old man, has at last managed to find time and money for his great enterprise, the book drags. We are not sufficiently interested in Hildegard's imaginary love for young Galbraith, or in her real love for Cheviot, to endure the length of its treatment. But the chapters describing Hildegard's great journey, and her adventures at the gold settlement, and her tragic return are thrilling. The excellence of the *finale* makes one regret that the earlier and middle portions of the book are constructed so vaguely as they are.

The Gang. By DAVID WHITELAW. (Greening, 3s. 6d.)

THERE is a real fund of humour in "The Gang." It is written in a spirit of frank levity, and it is refreshing to meet with a book as unpretentious as it is amusing. The curiously negative little agent, Mr. Piddington, who is torn from his peaceful and thoroughly British homestead ("Mafeking," Ladysmith Road, Tooting) and hurled into the midst of a burlesque civil war in "Pilania," where he is made to go through incredible and fantastic adventures, is described with a whimsical humour which is irresistible. There is no attempt at either wit or satire in the story; it is pure, good-natured fun, and, if the humour is more that of farce than of comedy, it is not the less amusing for that. The revolution over—owing to a soldier in the rebel army getting "rather badly hurt in the hand"—Mr. Piddington is permitted to return to his family. Unfortunately, he lingers in Paris on his homeward route, and another series

of surprising mishaps overtakes him. The book is adorned with "a few slight illustrations by the author," which are as unpretentious and original as everything else about this quaint production.

Beau Brocade: a Romance of the Road. By BARONESS ORCZY. (Greening, 6s.)

"BEAU BROCADE, a Romance of the Road," is the descriptive, if condensed, title of the three hundred pages of very conventional sentimentality which form Baroness Orczy's novel. "Beau Brocade" is all that a highwayman with such a name should be: handsome, chivalrous, brave, faultlessly attired, in spite of the fact that his nights are frequently spent in a ditch; the rescuer of distressed damsels and the plague of choleric county magistrates. The "Romance of the Road" is very much the same as any other Dick Turpin tale. The gallant outlaw first frightens the lady, then dances with her on a lonely heath to the pastoral strains of a shepherd's pipe; he saves her brother, a Jacobite fugitive, from the King's men; is wounded in her service and staggers to her feet, a pale but fascinating wreck; is pardoned by a gracious Royal Duke, and is last seen holding the lady "closely, very closely to his strong, brave heart," murmuring "My dream! My wife!"—a very satisfactory if commonplace *finale*.

The Chichester Intrigue. By THOMAS COBB. (Lane, 6s.)

WE have not a very profound sympathy with Mr. Lambert Amory; nor is the story of his search after proof of Miss Thornhill's true character very interesting. There is in the intrigue the material of a very pretty farce; but farce is not at all the attitude adopted by Mr. Thomas Cobb. He writes in sober earnest about this upright man who plays the amateur detective with regard to the exact relationship which Miss Thornhill had, as a girl, with his dead friend, Chichester, the handsome actor. He is actuated by the noblest motives. His friend, Sir Hugo Warbrook, is likely to propose to Miss Thornhill. Amory is not very fond of his friend, but quite fond enough to make it his duty to be quite sure that the girl is (to use Mr. Cobb's phraseology) fit to become a man's wife. The difficulties in his honest way are many, because there are three women of the same name, each of whom might have written the incriminating letter. Sir Hugo learns enough to make the girl undesirable to him; but Lambert learns more—that she only met Chichester at the railway station, and that the intended escapade was brought to an untimely end by the intervention of the actor's jealous wife—and accordingly is overcome by pity and love and marries her himself. The intrigue makes a dreary tale, though Mr. Cobb has expended much care in the telling.

DRAMA

"THE HOUSE" & "MRS. BILL" AT THE COURT THEATRE

EVERYONE interested in the progress of serious drama will regret to think that this is to be the last play produced by Mr. Otho Stuart. His management both at the Adelphi and at this theatre has been fruitful of so many really good plays that it seems surprising that he has chosen to say farewell with such a remarkably commonplace production. *Mrs. Bill* is called a "slight comedy of pleasant people" on the programme, and is by Captain John Kendall, who graces the famous mahogany table of "Mr. Punch" under the name of "Dum-dum." However amusing he may be in the pages of our contemporary, there was little sign of either wit or humour in his play, and it would be only charitable to suppose that, like many another man, he has yielded to the solicitations of his friends and given to the public what was intended for a mere private occasion. For this play simply reeks of amateur theatricals; and, though it has

been my lot to witness in the sacred cause of charity many a West-end success turned to this baser use, I do not ever remember to have seen the order reversed and skilled actors playing in what was apparently intended for the humbler duty. One can imagine how it all happened. The distinguished member of the *Punch* staff goes to spend his Christmas in the country. He is besieged with entreaties to write a play that will suit the capabilities of his friends—two ladies' parts and four men's. And so the play gets written. The title-part is for the energetic lady who arranges the annual show; and how it fits her! Then there is to be a part for Uncle Henry, who rather fancies himself in "Henry Kemble" parts—Mrs. Bill's husband; and another for dear old Charlie, the Oxford Freshman, who has a reputation for his imitations of Mr. Hawtreys—Lieutenant Carter. But the crux of the whole thing is how to deal with the curate, who can't act and must be included, and so the part of Captain Smith is invented, and a very clever invention under the circumstances it is. No one, however incapable, could possibly fail of success in it; it is a part to be borne in mind by all organisers of theatrical entertainments where the caste has to contain one pronounced male duffer, and I am sure they will reap their reward. *Mrs. Bill* played by amateurs cannot miss fire; it is like Gothic architecture—wholly suited to its purpose.

The scene is laid in India. Mrs. Bill is the match-making aunt, who wishes her niece Mabel to marry well. Mabel is entirely taken up with a young subaltern, who is always referred to as "the mere boy," and who is entirely ineligible. Then a great hero, Captain Smith, appears; he is eligible, and so Mrs. Bill supports him until it turns out that "the mere boy" has been left a thousand a year. Then Captain Smith is supposed to be killed, but he comes to life again just in time to marry Mabel, who has been settling her wedding-day with "the mere boy." It is not an exhilarating play, but the actors fought bravely with the difficulties. Miss Marie Illington as the rather flirtatious aunt played cleverly, and gave great point to the conventional cynicism of her remarks. Mr. E. W. Garden took the part of her husband, a kindly old official, very much afraid of his wife, and got all there was out of it. Mr. Vivian Gilbert and Mr. Rudge Harding were distinctly good as "the mere boy" and Captain Smith respectively, and Miss Beatrice Terry acted very prettily as Mabel. Mr. Arthur Holmes-Gore had a silly part as the Colonel of the regiment, and was thrown away on it.

On the night of its production *Mrs. Bill* preceded *The House*, by George Gloriel, but in the future the order is to be changed, and I fear that *Mrs. Bill* will appear even less attractive when it follows that wonderful play. For *The House* immediately grips the imagination; it has been seen for some time past at the Court, but only at *matinées*, and up to the present I have had no opportunity of mentioning it here. *The House*, of course, deals with the workhouse, and is a satire on the extravagance of some Boards of Guardians in their administration of the Poor Law. In the first act is a family reduced to the direst straits of poverty, but still retaining all its abhorrence of anything in the nature of charity and a terror that any member of it should be branded with the name of "pauper." But the wife, with the utmost reluctance, comes to the conclusion that her old father must go to "the house." The discussion between her and her daughter and her husband is of the most poignant and heartrending type, and the anguish and final submission of the old man brings down the curtain on one of the most tragic acts I have seen for a long time. To find anything to compare with it I must go back to the performance of the second act of *Brand* in 1893, or possibly of *The Lower Depths* by Gorki, produced by the Stage Society a few years ago. In the last act the atmosphere is quite different—the family is getting out of its difficulties and the old man is to return. In a scene of the most delightful comedy it gradually comes out that "the house" instead of being a hell is an earthly paradise: the old man has no intention of

returning to the hardships of self-respecting poverty, and he wins his hearers over to his view to such an extent that they too are to qualify and join in the comforts and luxuries of "the house." It is a curious mixture, this play with one act tragedy and the other comedy, but there is little doubt that it is the finest and most dramatic piece to be seen in London at the moment; and it is as excellently acted as it is conceived. Mr. Albert Chevalier as the old father, and Miss Alice Beet as his daughter, are perfect, while Mr. Arthur Holmes-Gore and Miss Mabel Garden fill the other two parts quite admirably. To miss seeing *The House* would be as great a mistake as, having seen it, to wait and see *Mrs. Bill*.

A. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

"TANTÆNE ANIMIS CŒLESTIBUS IRÆ"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—“A. D.’s” article in your last issue is most refreshing. The prevailing spirit of modern journalism is insincerity. Most of the writers of to-day on the Press lack convictions, or if they possess them, lack the courage to express them. This is due mainly to that cursed spirit of universal tolerance which, heralded as a great virtue, is, in fact, one of the most poisonous of vices. Modern tolerance is absolutely paralysing in its effects, teaching, as it does, that it really does not very much matter after all what a man believes, or says, or does. “I would die for a candle,” said a Catholic preacher in a sermon I once heard. We want more writers on the Press who would be willing “to die for a candle.” As it is, the newspaper proprietor of to-day regards convictions as a purchasable commodity. He hires his editors, his leader writers, and paragraphists, as he hires his stenographers and typists, and expects from them—and generally gets from them—the same unquestioning obedience. In the case of a sudden change of policy on his part, such as adopting Tariff Reform after having been a violent Free Trader, he sometimes thinks it wise slightly to increase the salaries of his editorial staff—as a tribute to decency.

Even editors who are unhampered by proprietors of this kind frequently exhibit a terrible dread of expressing strong convictions. They desire to be safe. They are so afraid of hurting the feelings of some other editor or journalist who may some day be useful. They seem to have their eyes always on the silver teapot, which, if only they keep “safe,” they can rely upon having presented to them at the end of their careers as “a mark of esteem” from their “fellow-journalists.” With that silver teapot (perhaps filled with sovereigns) ever in view a policy of universal propitiation must be followed. Now, Sir, “A. D.” gets at the root of the matter when he says that anger, or “holy wrath,” as it is rightly called, is one of the greatest incentives to effective writing. What we want is a revival of intolerance—intolerance of cant, of humbug, of meanness; intolerance that will not rest content with things as they are; intolerance that does care what a man thinks, because it knows that unless he thinks rightly he cannot act rightly; intolerance of the foul cynicism that teaches that every man has his price. Many of us are filled with blind, inarticulate fury at the things we see. Many of us feel things we can never express. Let those, at any rate, who can find words express what they feel at any cost.

A. E. M. F.

March 10.

"FRANKLY IDIOTIC"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As to the pretension of Mr. Caleb Porter, that the wine of the Bible was without alcohol, and only pure sweet grape-juice, let me kindly tell you that this is utterly *erroneous*. The wine of the Bible is alcoholic wine, as it of necessity must be. Has Mr. Caleb Porter ever been present at the grape and wine harvest in a southern country? Certainly not. For otherwise he would have seen what enormous quantities of ripe grapes are collected and have the juice pressed out of them. Now this wine is, of course, for the present, grape-juice; but within some very few days (the quicker the hotter the climate is, and Palestine is rather hot), it has changed into alcoholic wine by way of *fermentation*. Ergo, when Mr. Caleb Porter pretends that the Jews of the Bible only drank wine unfermented—i.e., without alcohol—he makes believe that those people drank all their enormous stores of grape-juice within a fortnight; for under the climate of Palestine they could not prevent the grape-juice—to the distress of the then teetotalers—turning into alcoholic real “wine” in almost no time. And to drink the grape-juice in such quantities would

simply be suicidal; dysentery of the worst kind would be the consequence.

So when Mr. Caleb Porter says that there is no proof that the wine of the Bible was alcoholic, it must be said that the wine of the Bible must be considered as being alcoholic as long as Mr. Caleb Porter cannot prove that the old Jews knew how to prevent the fermentation of fresh grape-juice.

As to the smoking of tobacco, I cannot understand why people with common sense lament just about this one kind of acting upon one's nerves. Smoking is one only of those numerous *stimulantia*, as tea and coffee, hot and cold baths are for instance. When people wonder what better work Hobbes, &c., would have done without the drug of tobacco, I could ask the question, How more logical would Mr. Caleb Porter be without the drug of tea?—I take it as granted that Mr. Caleb Porter, as an Englishman, drinks tea regularly. Yes, tea! I can assure him that my nervous system reacts on a small dose of tea as on poison, for I do not drink the "drug" of tea. But a handful of cigarettes does me much good, and makes me feel happy and vigorous. Q.E.D.

ROBERT LUTZ.

March 4.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I agree with you when you say that the proposition—"work of any kind done by a man who smokes is certain to be ill-done"—is proved to be contradictory by the instances of Hobbes, Tennyson, and Carlyle; but that proposition is far removed from Dr. Fairbairn's, and farther still from mine. I think the doctor's dicta were somewhat badly put, but his contention was that "work done by the strength (italics mine) of alcohol or the soothing influence of the pipe is certain to be ill-done." I consider this to be, in the main, true, though it would doubtless prove more acceptable to your readers in sympathetic paraphrase. Yet even as it stands it is a very different thing to the proposition which you rightly assert to be contradictory. I am quite open to conviction. I am neither a teetotaler nor a non-smoker, and my only knowledge of Dr. Fairbairn is gleaned from your note in "Life and Letters;" but I really do not see any reason for the "frankly idiotic" phrase.

Tobacco and alcohol are narcotic poisons, and their use causes the divergence of the user from that state known as "*mens sana in corpore sano*." Work done in their strength is therefore extremely likely, if not certain, to be done—cleverly and brilliantly, if you will, but—verily ill in comparison with the greatest, the best, the most enduring work, which I cannot help still thinking has never yet owed its inspiration to alcohol or tobacco:

Shall I smite with a barren whip?
Shall I urge with a vulgar spur?
The womb of the whip is barren indeed,
After its kind cometh seed from seed.

I suppose it will not be denied that the finest work ever done by man in one particular direction is that of Fra Angelico, but it is easy to imagine his descent to the level of, say, Fra Filippo Lippi through indulgence in drugs; at any rate, the difference is clear in the work of these two great men, and the genius of the former is patently of that kind which "cometh not forth but by prayer and fasting." Whether Angelico drank wine or not, we may be quite certain that his best work did not owe its strength to alcohol.

Where are we to draw the line between Tennyson's pipe and Coleridge's decanter of laudanum?

Men and women have been from all time, and are still, drug-taking animals the world over, but I should think it amounts to almost a mathematical certainty that work owing its strength to the use of alcohol, nicotine, opium, cannabis indica, theine, caffeine, cocaine, or any of the hundred and one poisons that the as yet unemancipated part of man's nature still craves, must be—in direct proportion to such use—ill-done, and this quite compatibly with its being work which shall delight both gentle and simple, the crowd and the choice, by undoubted brilliance and cleverness.

Compare Dante with Coleridge, and note how the children of Coleridge's brain are decimated by his "barren whip."

As for the Psalmist, is it not a case of the "pathetic fallacy?" and what bearing can it have on the matter of alcohol? David very probably drank a good deal of intoxicating wine during his life, but the beautiful Psalm in which the phrase *mea calix inebrians* occurs does not strike one as being inspired by these potations. *Vous m'avez comme enivré de joie* might be spoken or chanted without impropriety by all the Bands of Hope or Total Abstinence Leagues that ever tried to turn men from one form of vice to another.

The subject of the wines of the ancients is an extremely interesting one. It seems fairly evident that a good deal of non-alcoholic wine was drunk, and I believe it was usual to start a

dinner-party with a product of the grape very closely resembling the "grape-soup" or red-currant jelly you mention.

Then there is Joseph's dream, and the pressing of the grapes direct into Pharaoh's cup.

In our version of the Scriptures drunkenness does not always imply alcoholism; repletion is to be understood in the following:—"One is hungry and another is drunken;" "Blessed art thou, O land, when thy King is the son of nobles and thy princes eat in due season for strength and not for drunkenness." No one doubts that wine has been used by many men famous for mighty works, but I take it that is not Dr. Fairbairn's point at all; his point, as I read it, is that work which has relied upon a drug for its *inspiration and strength* is certain to be ill-done. I cannot for the life of me see where the "frank idiocy" comes in. I would myself be inclined to think that the ill-doing in some of the best work of some of our best men is directly or indirectly owing to a cowardly inhaling of the *granum thuris in calice vini*, rejected by Him Who spake as no man ever spake, being drunk, not with wine, but with the Ghost of God.

CALEB PORTER.

March, 1908.

TWO REPLIES TO MR. VIVIAN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—For Mr. Vivian to object to personalities in journalism is surely the height of cynical irony. Having himself introduced personalities into his review, he seemed to us fair game when we ventured to disagree with his verdict on the book. We are surprised that our mildly humorous remarks should have evoked such bitter resentment against *The Imp*. When we referred to Mr. Vivian as no longer young, it was mainly with the object of recalling a delightful phrase which appeared in an ACADEMY note. Everybody knows that Mr. Herbert Vivian is neither "bald" nor "bearded," and that his appearance is, if possible, more youthful than his behaviour. We did not, therefore, contemplate for a moment that our remarks could cause him any serious annoyance. Our "piece" of impudence would have been forgiven by any one with a "saving grace (*sic*) of humour." For the rest, we can only hope that Mr. Vivian's abuse will not prove to be other than a recommendation.

THE EDITOR *The Imp*.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Herbert Vivian must really forgive us for having made fun of him. We can assure him we had no desire to hurt his feelings. His solemn letter to you, in which he holds us up as a "petty" firm of booksellers who desire to browbeat him and prevent him and others from writing honest criticisms on the books we publish, is so amusing that it is hard to take it seriously. But lest any of your readers should imagine that we resent, or ever have resented, adverse criticisms of our books, we trust you will allow us briefly to state the facts as they are, and not as they appear to Mr. Vivian's heated imagination. For a weekly journal called *John Bull* Mr. Vivian reviewed "The White Rose Mystery" published by us. Not content with pouring out his scorn on this book, he further suggested that the Duke of Norfolk would have a good case against the author for criminal libel. We were so entertained by this idea that we thought it too good to be wasted, and as we consider we have as much right to use an unfavourable as a favourable notice, we introduced Mr. Vivian's remarks into our advertisements, thus making a pleasing change from the monotonous repetition of eulogies. It is true that we prefaced our quotation by referring to Mr. Vivian as a "notable" or "notorious" critic, and stated that he was peculiar in his views, but we were under the impression that this could afford him nothing but gratification. As, however, he objects to the epithet "notorious," we promise to refer to him in future only as "notable," although we cannot help still considering him peculiar. This is the sum total of our transgressions, and it is surprising to find that our innocent endeavours to increase the sale of our book have appeared to Mr. Vivian in so sinister a light. So far from having experienced the "fine frenzy" to which he refers, or having desired, as he elegantly phrases it, "to belch false fire" from behind our "barrow," our attitude all along has been one of grateful expectancy.

We disclaim as publishers all responsibility for the editorial comments in *The Imp* which Mr. Vivian has quite unwarrantably attributed to us as part of a deliberate campaign. We trust, therefore, that Mr. Vivian will consent to bury the hatchet, and in future allow us the same liberty in the compilation of our advertisements as we willingly grant him in the writing of his reviews.

GREENING & Co., LTD.

March 9.

HANDEL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your notes in this week's issue defending Handel against adverse criticism, gave me much pleasure, as did also your allusion to Mr. Heathcote Statham's "Thoughts on Music."

Attention might specially have been drawn, I think, to the beautiful style in which this book is written. The style and the soundness of judgment make the work one of the most interesting and valuable essays in criticism of Handel and other composers that we have.

I first saw it at the library in St. Martin's Lane three years ago, and have since read it at least a dozen times.

W. M.

March 9.

THE SICILIAN PLAYERS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—When shall we Englishmen learn to distrust the intellect and the reason? Where the final appeal is made always to the intellect there can be no honesty.

These remarks are suggested by your critic and correspondent as touching the Sicilian Players. The critics of the Sicilian Players have, I think, one and all, at least as many as I have read, really been greatly surprised at the magnificent art of the Sicilian Players, of Cav. Grasso and the leaders of his company; but being always chary of acknowledging greatness, they have appealed to the intellect in order to reverse the verdict of their feelings, over which the sole control lies in the intellect or the reason. It is, however, chiefly with your correspondent that I should like to "break a lance."

Now first, surely "realisation" is just as true a part of art as "suggestion." There is room for both, it being arguable, of course, that the one is a higher form of art than the other, though each is good art or bad art according as you please. Your correspondent, however, relegates realisation or, as he has it, "realism" in art to the actors of the "portable" theatres, where, apparently, the lowest class of "provincial acting" is to be found; and, instituting a parallel between the realistic acting of these, presumably, third-class actors and the realistic acting of the Sicilian Players, he thus, of course, at once dismisses the possibility of these players being anything other than third-class actors themselves, though he afterwards excepts Cav. Grasso, to call him a mere tiro of a "really great artist." Not to argue this point, I would ask Mr. Lawson whether he would have us really believe that a Frenchman, say, cultured in the truest sense of the word, but with a very slight acquaintance of English, could, after seeing a company of provincial actors, belonging to one of these "portable" theatres, in one of their plays "entirely concerning itself with the crude and elemental passions" (mark, crude and elemental!), say with heartfelt belief, "I have never seen such wonderful acting before!" Yet, "change the parts and the scene," and this is what is happening night after night now in London, each visit deepening the first impression.

But, secondly, Mr. Lawson says of Signorina Aguglia, "She is an exceptionally clever mime, capable of representing certain crude passions." And that is all! Now, what passion is more common and universally considered more ennobling than love or passion? Further, apparently, Signorina Aguglia, in Mr. Lawson's opinion, could not represent, for all her "exceptional cleverness as a mime," any but "certain" of the crude passions, and therefore, of course, none of the higher, because not crude passions. (Would Mr. Lawson please tell us what these passions are?) And, if there is one thing certain, it is that Signorina Aguglia is not "clever" in any strict sense of the word. We do not ourselves think her a finished artist in the sense in which Cav. Grasso is a finished artist; but we regard her, in the words of some critic, as an artist of remarkable promise. Does Mr. Lawson (and here he has many of the "intellectual" critics with him) really think that Signorina Aguglia's acting is not the outcome and outpouring of any soul-emotion or heart-emotion at all? Is her sobbing—the truest to life that most of us have ever seen or heard—merely the result of close study? Is it her mimetic powers that make her shed real tears? Is it credible that any actor could, night after night, in scene after scene, merely by virtue of wonderful mimetic capacity, maintain so surely, so realistically, without ever once failing, as is admitted by all in the case of Signorina Aguglia, those marvellously swift transitions from harshness to sweetness through the whole gamut of the human voice, that complete command over facial expression, changing every moment, and that entire control over the body? No! Such a theory is incredible, impossible! And it must continue incredible until such critics as Mr. Lawson bring conclusive evidence to support their theories.

Finally, what does Mr. Lawson mean by "sheer animalism"? Our criticism suffers sadly from the use of terms unaccompanied

by any explanation. Let Mr. Lawson explain what he means by "sheer animalism"! This is a theory that has been advocated by many of those critics who, in Mr. Lawson's words, "over the Sicilian players have lost their heads." We sadly fear that Mr. Lawson has fared no better than those critics whom he thus lightly dismisses. At any rate, his theory is quite unintelligible.

My excuse for writing must be that I cannot allow such unmeaning criticism, as it seems to me, of real greatness to pass unchallenged.

W. H. MORANT.

March 8.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I quite agree with Mr. Robb Lawson's interesting letter. I have played in "portables" myself, and, as he says, the rendering of the various emotions is left to the impulse of the moment. This may produce a striking effect, but it is not the best art.

A PLAYGOER.

March 7.

"THE CAUSE OF THE CHILDREN"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The conscience of the nation has been aroused to the needs of the child, the outcome of which has been the Children's Bill, recently introduced into Parliament. The Bill has the cordial support of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which has long laboured in the cause of suffering childhood. The extent and magnitude of the Society's work in safeguarding the lives of children throughout the land and rescuing them from systematic cruelty, starvation, and neglect is seldom realised. The records for the past month show that no less than 3,888 cases were dealt with, affecting the lives of 11,426 children. It is sad to note that eighty-six of these cases ended in death. It is also a significant fact that 3,022 children were known to be insured for a total of £15,607.

The aim of the Society is "that every child in the land shall live an endurable life." Great as its efforts have been in this direction, there is room for considerable extension. There are districts yet untouched where children suffer, and where, if funds permitted, inspectors would be placed without delay.

L. L. HORMBROOK.

CHURCH SCHOOLS' EMERGENCY LEAGUE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have been directed by my Committee to send you the following resolution:—

Resolution passed at a Meeting of the Manchester Centre of the Church Schools' Emergency League—

"That this meeting protests against the unjust and reactionary character of the Education Bill, 1908, and calls upon all Churchmen and others who care for the true interests of education, to resist it in every possible way."

T. E. CLEWORTH, Hon. Secretary.

March 5.

FRENCH AND LANGUE D'OIL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—For purposes of classification philologists are wont to talk of the different dialects of one speech; but as there are no hard-and-fast lines in Nature, so in language one dialect shades off imperceptibly into the other as the colours of a rainbow. If French, or Langue d'Oil, and Provençal, or Langue d'Oc, are both derived from Latin, they were originally the same, however wide the divergence now. My illustration, however, was a rough generalisation, to show that the degraded speech of the peasant of to-day is a remnant of the highly-inflected literary language of yesterday. In spite of the fact that Mistral, and before him Roumanille, wrote in the ancient language of Provence, it is still the speech of the peasant, and is doomed. Mistral, whom I met three years ago at Arles, confessed this himself, and there is the same strain of regret, you will remember, running through the whole of his recently-published memoirs, in which folklore and legend are rescued from oblivion, *car il est de mode aujourd'hui de renier absolument tout ce qui est de tradition*, as he says. All this is, of course, irrelevant to the main issue of an essay on the language of Burns, and, in my opinion, is not worth answering.

JAMES P. PARK.

March 9.

THE NAME OF CHARLES I.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I think there can be very little doubt that Charles I. was called after his father's uncle—Charles Stuart, fifth Earl of Lennox—who is, perhaps, best known to history as the father of the ill-fated Lady Arabella Stuart.

It is rather curious that, from an historical point of view, the continuity of the actual service of our grand old Church is rarely insisted upon.

On one of the shelves of a bookcase at home rests an old quarto volume, massively bound, with brass studs and a centre having engraved thereon "R. G." and entitled "The Book of Common Prayer," with a colophon, "London: Printed by Robert Barker, Printer to the King's most Excellent Majestie; And by the Assignes of John Bill, 1637."

The monogram is that of its original owner, Richard Gladgie, and it does not require a great stretch of our imagination to picture him turning over the leaves from Sunday to Sunday, during the long years of anxiety and trouble of the later years of King Charles's reign, repeating much as we repeat to-day the words of the prayer for our present Sovereign Lord, then with some slight difference of punctuation, and printed in quaint black letter, now so trying to some modern readers' eyes:—

¶ A PRAYER FOR THE KING'S MAJESTIE.

© Lord our heavenly Father, high and mightie, King of Kings, Lord of lords, the only ruler of Princes, which dost from thy Throne behold all the dwellers upon earth, most heartily we beseech thee with thy favour to behold our most gracious Sovereigne Lord King CHARLES, and so replenish him with the grace of thy holy Spirit, that he may alway incline to thy will, and walk in thy way: endue him plentifully with heavenly gifts, grant him in health and wealth long to live, strengthen him that he may banquish and overcome all his enemies, and finally after this life he may attain everlasting Joy and felicitie, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

It often seems to me one of the great beauties of our Church and faith that the very words are not only sacred, but also sacred in a different sense, as old family furniture and portraits are, consecrated by the use and memory of our forefathers for many long generations.

I fear I must apologise for a long digression.

H. R. LEIGHTON.

March 4.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In her "History of Christian Names" the late Miss Yonge has said that Charles the First was named after the Emperor Charles the Fifth. "His name impressed James I. with the idea that this must be a fortunate name: when, in the hope of averting the unhappy doom that had pursued five James Stuarts in succession, he called his sons Henry and Charles." I do not know on what authority this statement rests. Of course, James was the son of Henry Lord Darnley, and the descendant of King Henry the Seventh.

H. B. F.

THE FRENCH PEASANT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I think many people have questioned the general truth of the picture of the French peasant given in "La Terre." I have been a great deal about France, and talked to many peasants; but, of course, to pronounce a really competent opinion, one must actually live some time in close contact with the peasants. George Sand gave a picture of the Berry peasants very different from Zola's of the Beaucerons, and, though she wrote some time ago, it is not likely that the peasant character in that quiet district has altered perceptibly in the meantime.

Balzac, I think, did not deal with peasant life in his beloved Touraine; but, had he done so, the results would surely have been such as to afford a pleasant picture of the tiller of the soil of the garden of France. "Les Paysans," I think, deals with peasants in quite another district. I have not the book by me.

René Bazin has written several novels of peasant life in the Vendée, notably "La Terre qui Meurt," the scene of which can

easily be traced; and the picture he gives of the peasants, though sometimes saddening, is not repulsive.

Loti has introduced Brittany peasants into several novels, notably "Mon Frère Yves" and "Pêcheur d'Islande"; surely it would not be contended that on the whole he represents them in an ugly light. Yves drank too much sometimes, certainly; but then he was a sailor.

Maupassant has given us many sketches of Normandy peasants. On the whole these are unpleasing rather than pleasing, but it is not so much that he represents the Normandy peasants as vicious, but as grasping, money-grubbing, and even callous.

CONSTANCE A. BARNICOAT.

BOOKS RECEIVED

EDUCATIONAL

- Coleman, Walter Moore. *Lessons in Hygienic Physiology*. Macmillan, 3s.
 Wright, Joseph and Elizabeth Mary. *Old English Grammar*. Oxford University Press, 6s. net.
La Bibliothèque de mon Oncle. Par Rodolphe Töpffer. Macmillan, 6d.
 Siepmann, Otto. *A Short French Grammar*. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.
 Hayens, Herbert. *The Story of Europe*. Collins, 1s. 6d.
Readings from Dickens. Cassell, 6d.
 Herbert Strang's Historical Series: *A Mariner of England, With the Black Prince, With Marlborough to Malplaquet*. Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. each.
The Oxford Readers. Book I., 8d.; Book II., 10d. *The Oxford Story Readers*. 2d. and 3d. each. Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.

FICTION.

- Vacaresco, Hélène. *The Queen's Friend*. Werner Laurie, 6s.
 Fisher, A. O. *Withyford*. Chatto & Windus, 6s.
 Aitken, Robert. *The Golden Horseshoe*. Greening, 6s.
 Prague, Joseph. *Vincenzo's Vendetta*. Greening, 6s.
 Hardy, Iza Duffus. *Love in Idleness*. Digby Long, 6s.
 Tytler, Sarah. *The Two Lady Lascelles*. Digby Long, 6s.
 Hallen, A. L. *Angelin: A Venite King*. Digby Long, 6s.
 Meadows, Alice Maud. *Three Lovers and One Lass*. Digby Long, 6s.
 Walpole, Mary. *The Love Seekers*. Greening, 6s.
 Earlston, Peter. *The Place Taker*. Greening, 6s.
 Adcock, A. St. John. *The World that Never Was*. Griffiths, 6s. net.
 Koebel, W. H. *The Anchorage*. Griffiths, 6s.
 Vaile, P. A. *Woman the Adorer*. Griffiths, 2s. 6d. net.
 Lang, L. Lockhart. *The Imbeciles*. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.
 Maclaren, Ian. *Graham of Claverhouse*. Murray, 6s.
 White, Fred M. *Craven Fortune*. Ward Lock, 6s.
 Roberts, Morley. *Captain Spink*. Nash, 6s.
 Burgin, G. B. *Galanda's Garden*. Nash, 6s.
 Bazin, René. *The Nun*. Nash, 6s.
 Hinkson, H. A. *Father Alphonsus*. Fisher Unwin, 6s.
 Bloundelle Burton, J. *The Last of her Race*. John Milne, 6s.
 Emmett, Kathleen P. *The Silver Zone*. Murray, 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Some Special Studies in Genealogy*. By Gerald Fothergill, Josiah Newman, Chas. A. Beenan. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, 2s. 6d. net.
 Rainbow, W. J. *A Guide to the Study of Australian Butterflies*. Melbourne: Lothian, 3s. 6d.
 Marble, Annie Russell. *Heralds of American Literature*. Fisher Unwin, 6s. 6d. net.
 Wolff, Sir Henry Drummond. *Rambling Recollections*. In 2 vols. Macmillan, 30s. net.
 Scott-James, R.A. *Modernism and Romance*. Lane, 7s. 6d.
 Schwann, Duncan. *The Spirit of Parliament*. Alston Rivers, 3s. 6d. net.
Egypt and How to See It. Illustrated by A. O. Lamplough. Ballantyne, n.p.
 Corner, Caroline. *Ceylon*. Lane, 10s. 6d. net.
Folk Songs from Somerset. Gathered and edited by Cecil J. Sharp. Simpkin, 5s. net.

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